

SCREENLAND

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ICC

APRIL

15¢

ALAN LADD
and
VERONICA
LAKE
in
"Saigon"

Fictionized In This Issue

Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd

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Hollywood's EDITH HEAD
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SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! The only foundation-and-powder make-up with clinical evidence*—certified by leading skin specialists from coast to coast—that it **DOES NOT CLOG PORES**, cause skin texture change or inflammation of hair follicle or other gland opening. No other liquid, powder, cream or cake "foundation" make-up offers such positive proof of safety for your skin.

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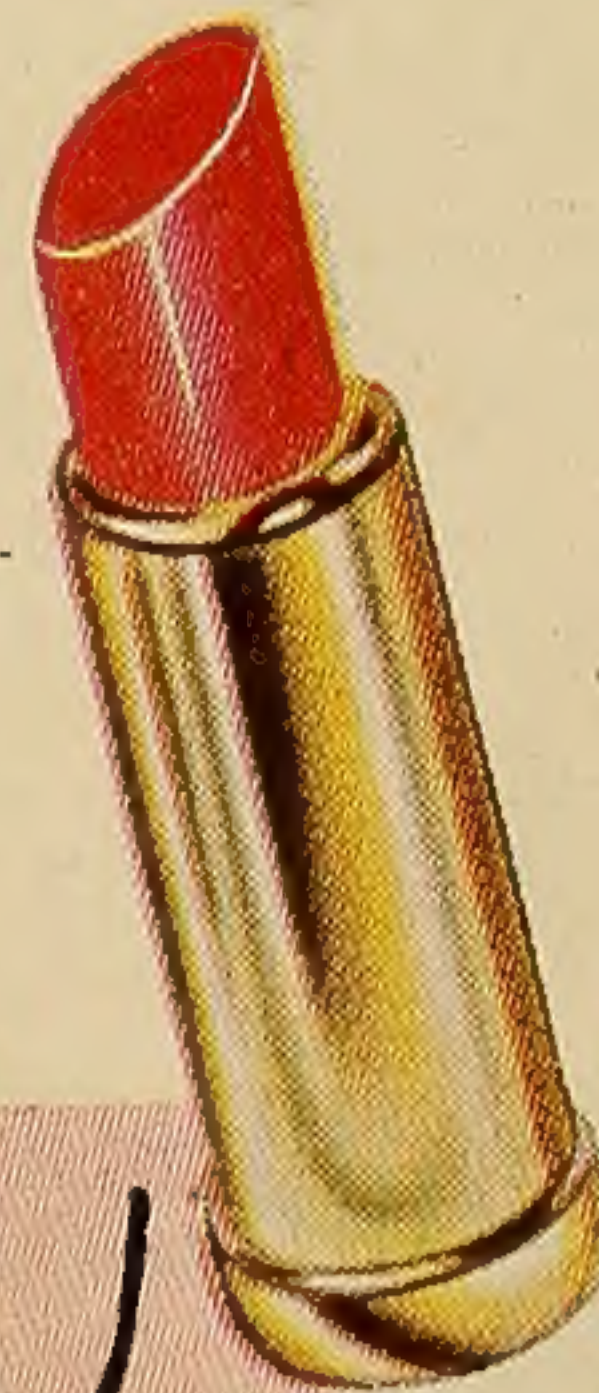
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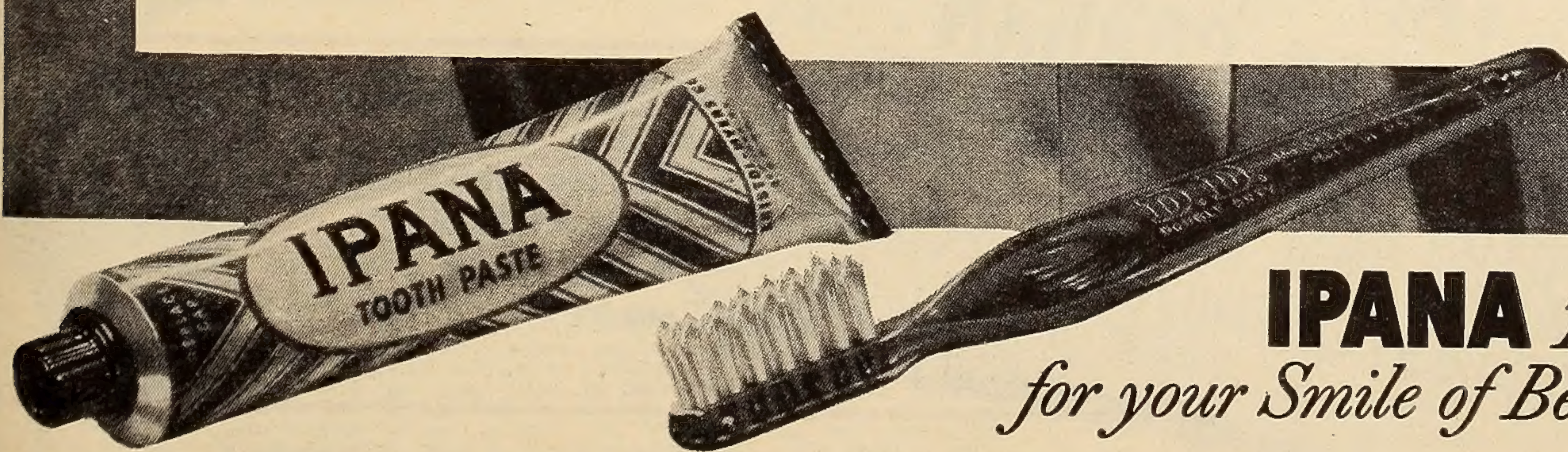
*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous Fashion-Point, and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162584.



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*and the men
 in her life!*

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 THE MARRYING KIND."**

**"She's a vixen
 ... but there's
 one way to tame
 her!"**



**"She's rich ...
 but perhaps
 my millions
 spoiled her!"**



**"She's a wildcat
 but there's
 something about
 her!"**



**"She's a snob
 ... but a lovely
 little devil in
 mink!"**



M-G-M's all-star romance from
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Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



What a feeling of confidence and self-assurance this Tampax gives to a woman on those bad days of the month. She goes about absolutely free from the worries connected with the external type of sanitary protection. Her Tampax is an *internal* absorbent. It can neither be seen nor felt when in place!

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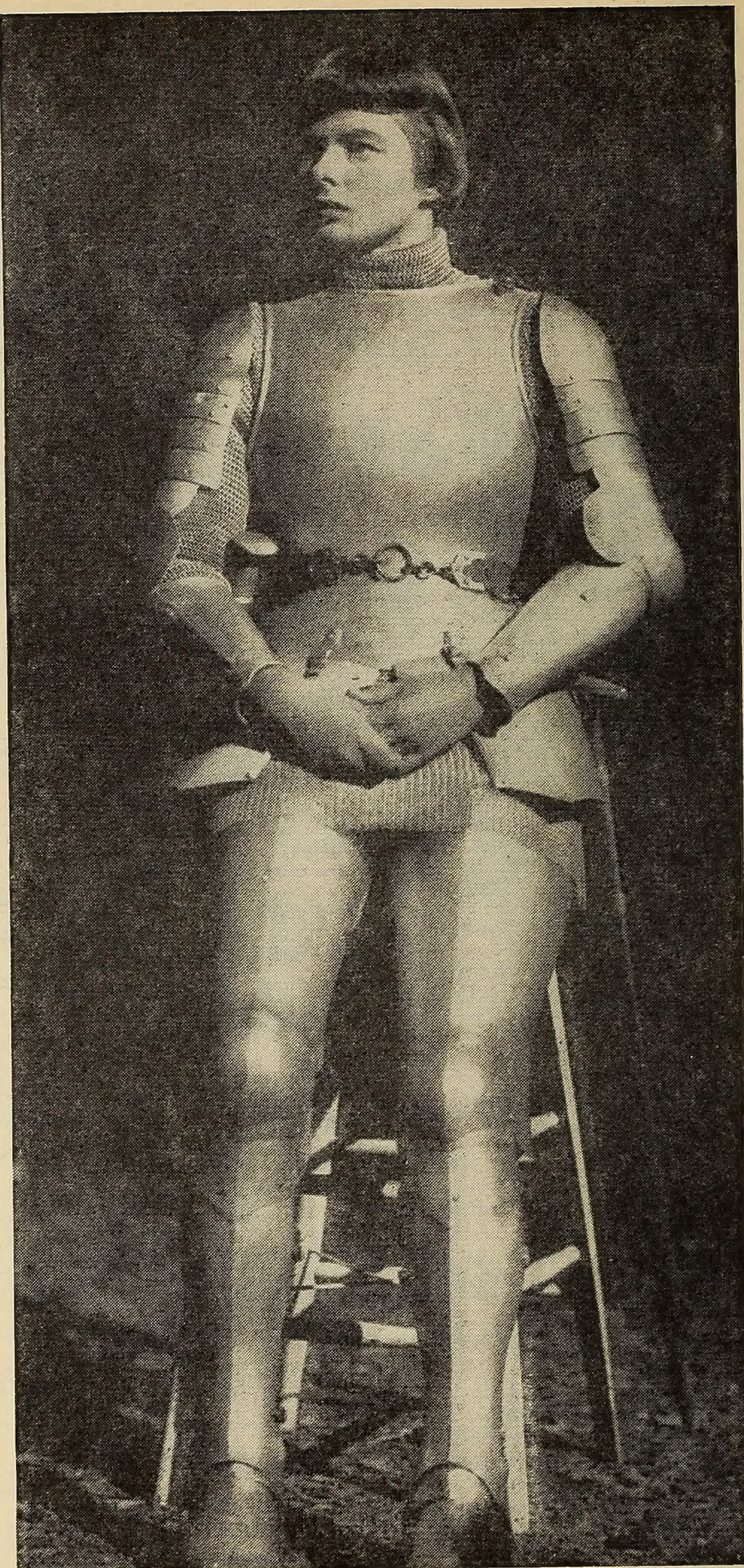
An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton firmly stitched—and it's encased in applicators for easy insertion. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of. . . . Join the millions now using Tampax. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply fits into your purse; the economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Moods of Bergman: on the set of "Joan of Arc," Ingrid submits herself to the lengthy process of donning the weighty armor for star rôle. At right, relaxing(?) between scenes.



★ Hot from Hollywood

AT THIS writing Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman are still estranged. She's in their hilltop home with the children, while he's living on a ranch with Nino Pepitone, who helps train their horses. Those dates with Patricia Neal don't mean Ronnie's fallen for her. They're playing opposite each other in "John Loves Mary" and it makes for good publicity. The excellent actress, who won five important awards for her stage rôle in "Another Part of the Forest," has a heart interest back East. It's

our guess that Janie is still Mister Reagan's number one girl.

"IT'S AN eight pound, six ounce baby girl," exclaimed the enthusiastic voice of Van Johnson over the phone. We weren't even up yet, but the proud papa had already put in three hours calling the many who were eager to hear his good news. They're calling his little daughter Schuyler Van. Evie and big Van selected the name because it would fit either a girl or a boy.

The Adventures of **Robin Hood**

THE
SPLENDOR
OF IT ALL
IS ALL
IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



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DIRECTED BY
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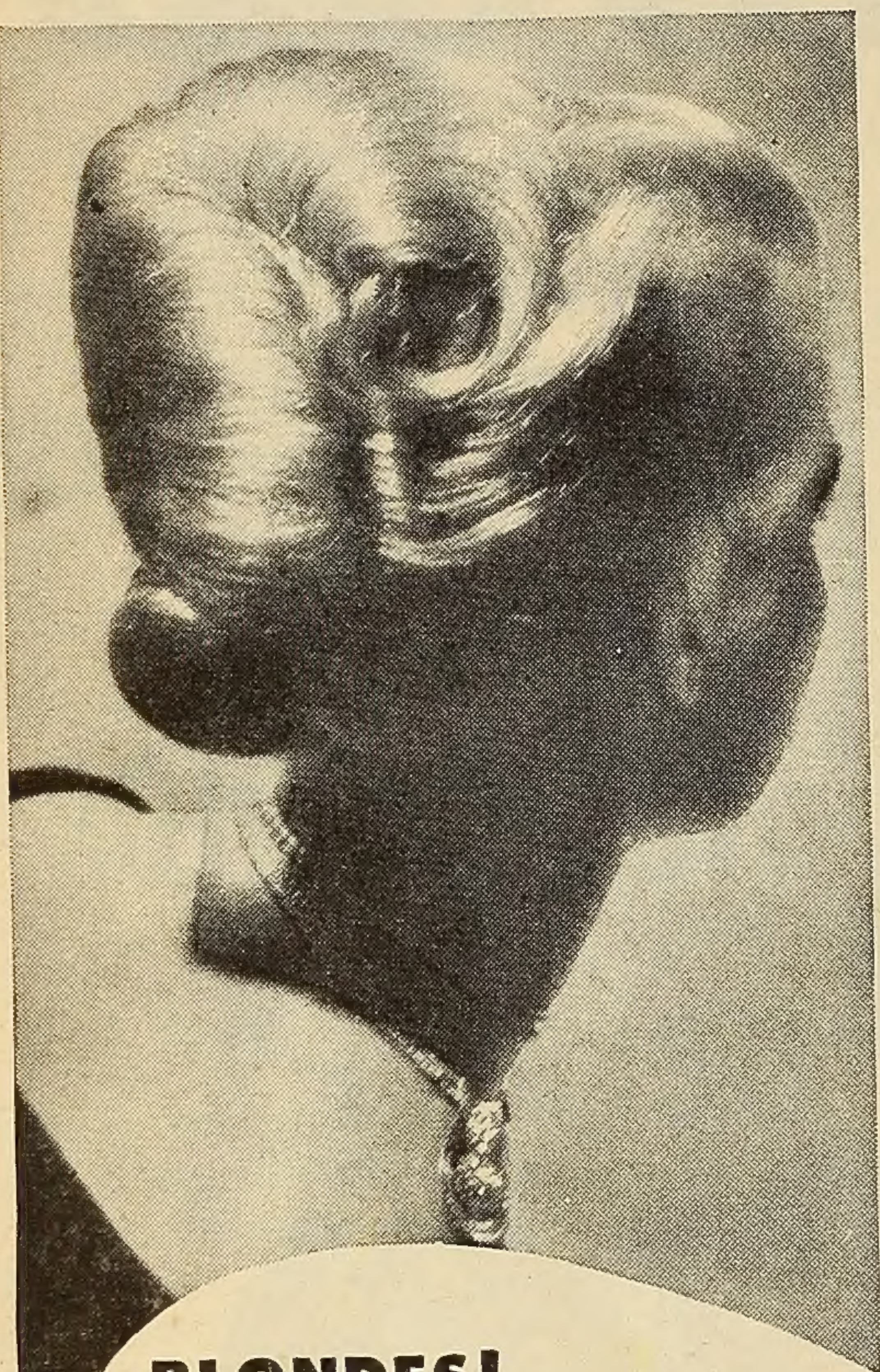
Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

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Rinse Highlights and Color into your hair!



BLONDES!

Four of Marchand's twelve "Make-Up" Hair Rinse shades are created just for you! Now you can get the very color effect you want... whether it is to highlight your natural hair shade... or add a coppery tone.

BRUNETTES, BROWNETTES, REDHEADS!

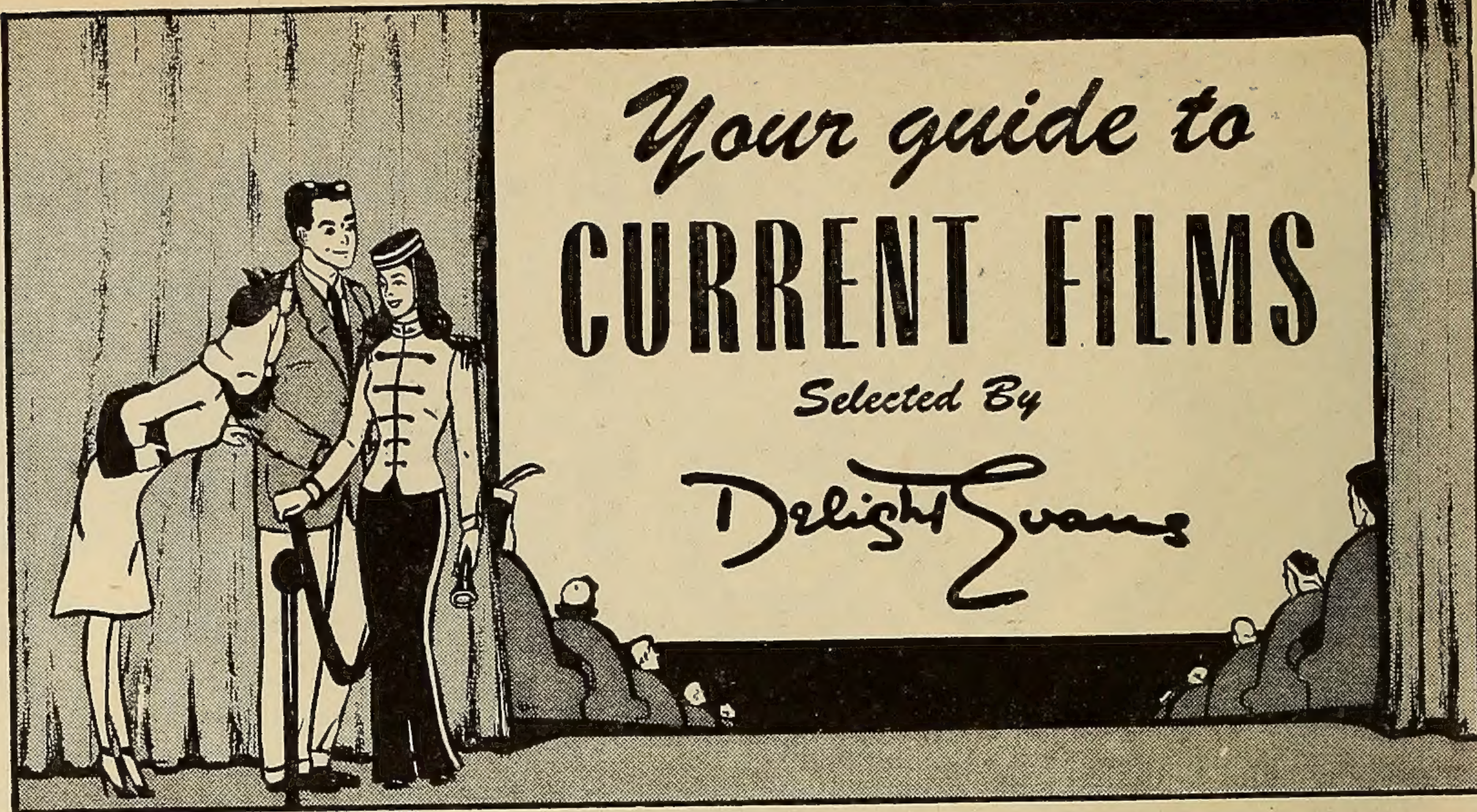
There are special Marchand Rinse shades for you, too. The color chart on the Marchand package shows you which shade to use for the particular effect you desire.

GLORIOUS HIGHLIGHTS! Every Marchand Rinse removes dulling soap film and leaves your hair softer and easier to manage. It does so much *more* than just lemon or vinegar... gives your hair sparkling highlights *plus* color!

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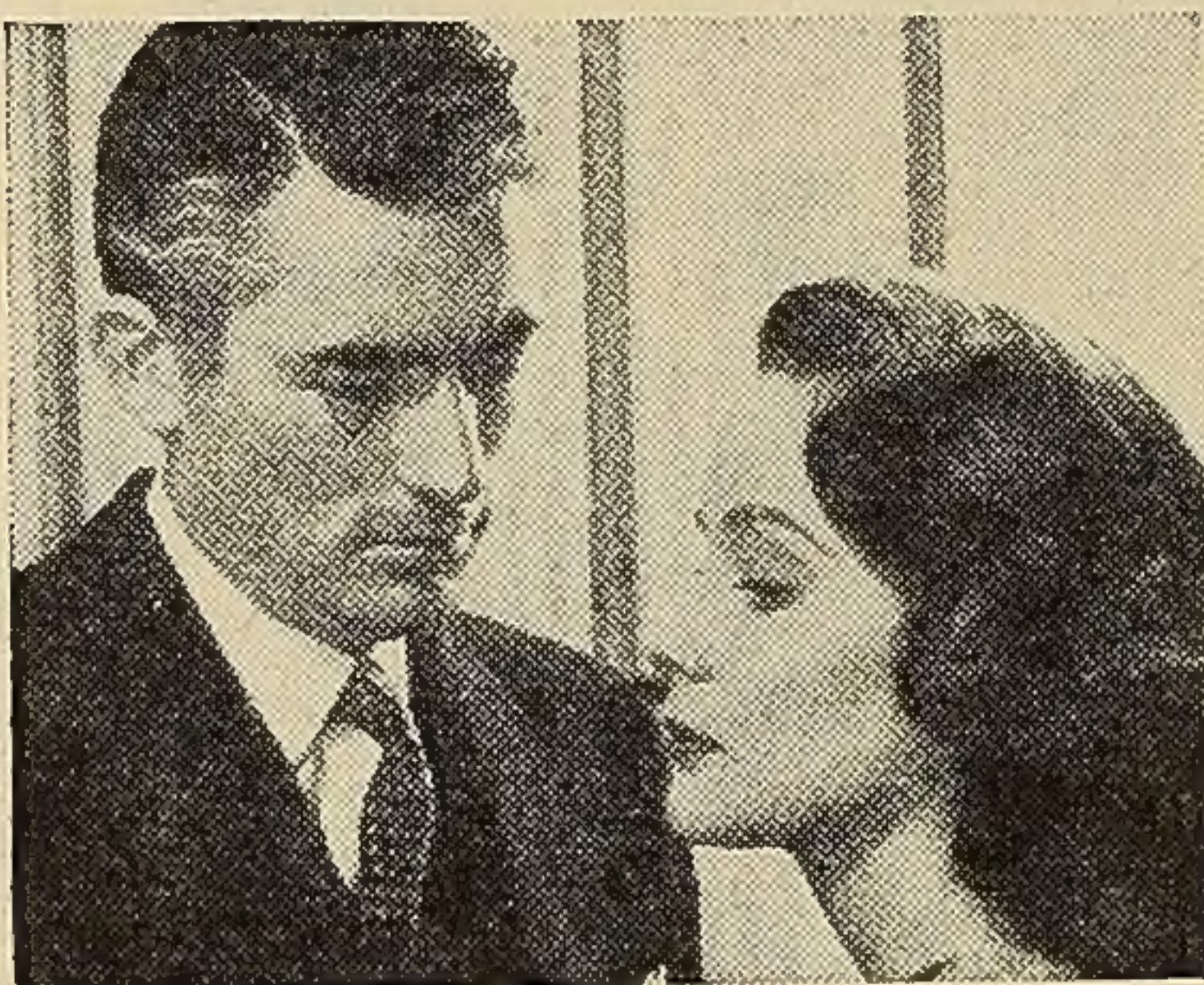


Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

THE PARADINE CASE



David O. Selznick



CALL NORTHSIDE 777



20th Century-Fox



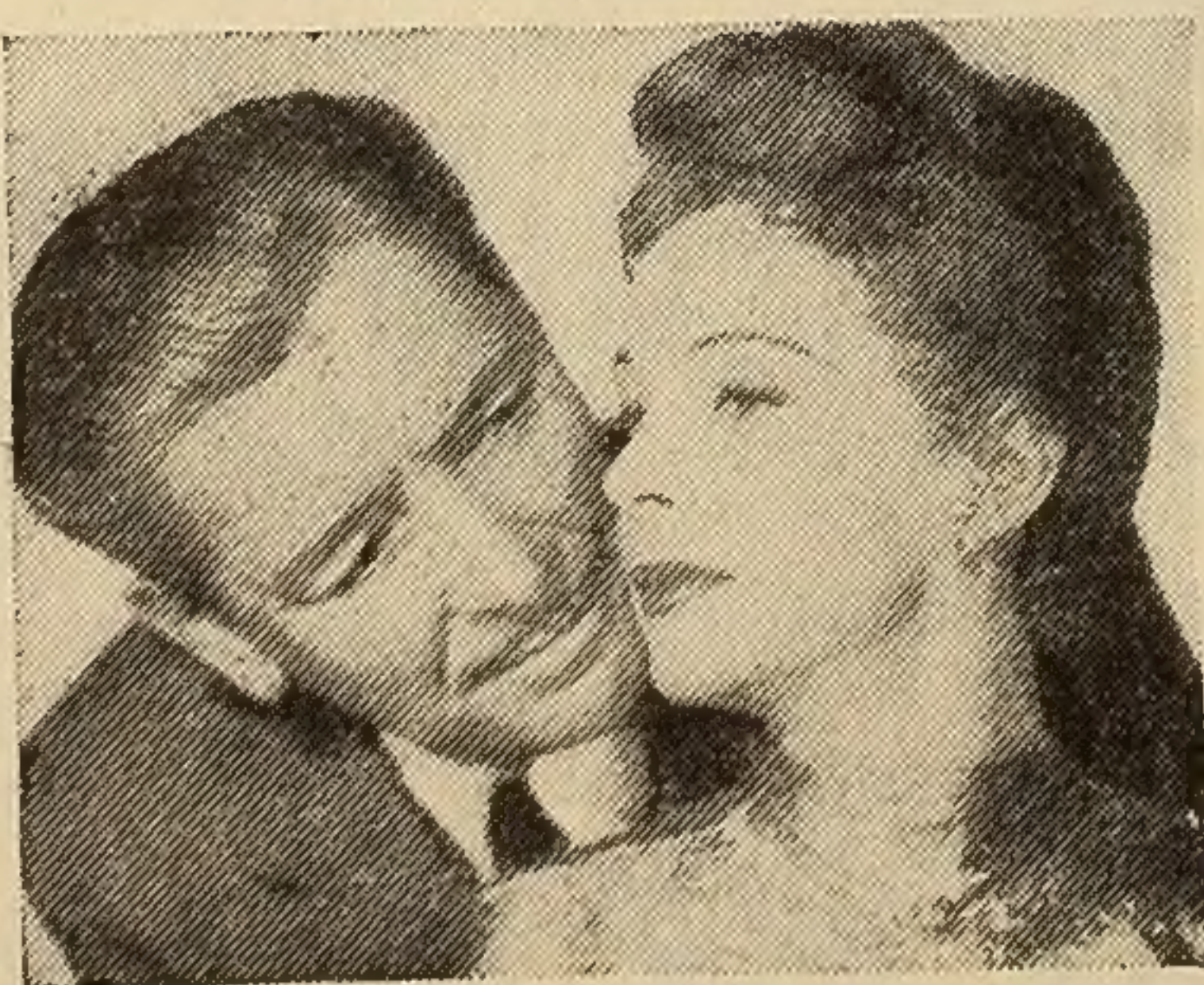
THE BIG CLOCK



Paramount



A DOUBLE LIFE



Universal-International

The lavish presentation of this film based on Robert Hichens' novel is surpassed only by the gemlike performances of its all-star cast. That's a large order, but not when ace producer David O. Selznick and master director Alfred Hitchcock are at the helm. Gregory Peck, as barrister, and the lovely Italian star, Valli, charged with murder of her husband, are the principals in the trial at London's Old Bailey, which leaves a searing touch on the barrister's wife, a memorable portrayal by Ann Todd, and the half-crazed wife (Ethel Barrymore) of the judge (Charles Laughton at his best). Charles Coburn, as family attorney who watches the barrister fall under the spell of the defendant's rare beauty, and Joan Tetzl, remarkably clever as his inquisitive daughter, are other top rôles.

Every possible ounce of emotion is squeezed into Director Henry Hathaway's latest documentary drama, a human interest story dealing with a cop-killing in 1932 and based on news articles James P. McGuire wrote about it eleven years later. James Stewart, who "understudies" the Chicago reporter, gives an authentic performance as he follows through the first nebulous lead, a classified ad placed by a convict's mother, to win a reprieve for an innocent man. During the collection of evidence the camera captures actual scenes of the city and its people, with important characters magnificently played by Richard Conte, as the convict, Lee J. Cobb, city editor, Helen Walker, reporter's wife, Betty Garde, unreliable witness, and particularly Kazia Orzazewski, as the convict's mother.

Clever screenplay by Jonathan Latimer, based on Kenneth Fearing's novel, and deft direction of John Farrow who has borrowed a leaf from Hitchcock's book, take the spotlight in this superb mystery along with stars, Ray Milland, Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Sullivan. Here is a different kind of suspense. Ray Milland distinguishes himself as crime magazine editor whose skill in finding fugitives is directed by his heartless publisher, Charles Laughton, to the complicated task of finding an unknown murder suspect who is in reality himself. You'll know the murderer in plenty of time to enjoy excitement of the man-hunt. Maureen O'Sullivan makes a notable screen return as Ray's patient wife. George Macready, Rita Johnson and Elsa Lanchester are excellent in support.

Ronald Colman, an actor's actor par excellence, in this compelling drama of the theater, proves himself unparalleled in his ability to shake the audience into a turmoil of emotion. In this respect, he is a layman's actor, too. Direction by George Cukor and story by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin match Colman's near-perfect performance as the Broadway star whose rôle as *Othello*, after a two-year run, seeps into his real life, leading him to murder. Signe Hasso, who plays the star's fiancée and *Othello's* Desdemona in three generous portions of the Shakespearean play within the picture; Edmond O'Brien, theater press agent, and the fine supporting cast, including Ray Collins, Philip Loeb and Shelley Winters, give superb accounts of their respective rôles. An Oscar for Colman?

The birds
and the
bees
know
this
story
by
heart!



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Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane and St. Clair McKelway
Directed by **HENRY LEVIN** • A CASEY ROBINSON PRODUCTION

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gives exotic color!



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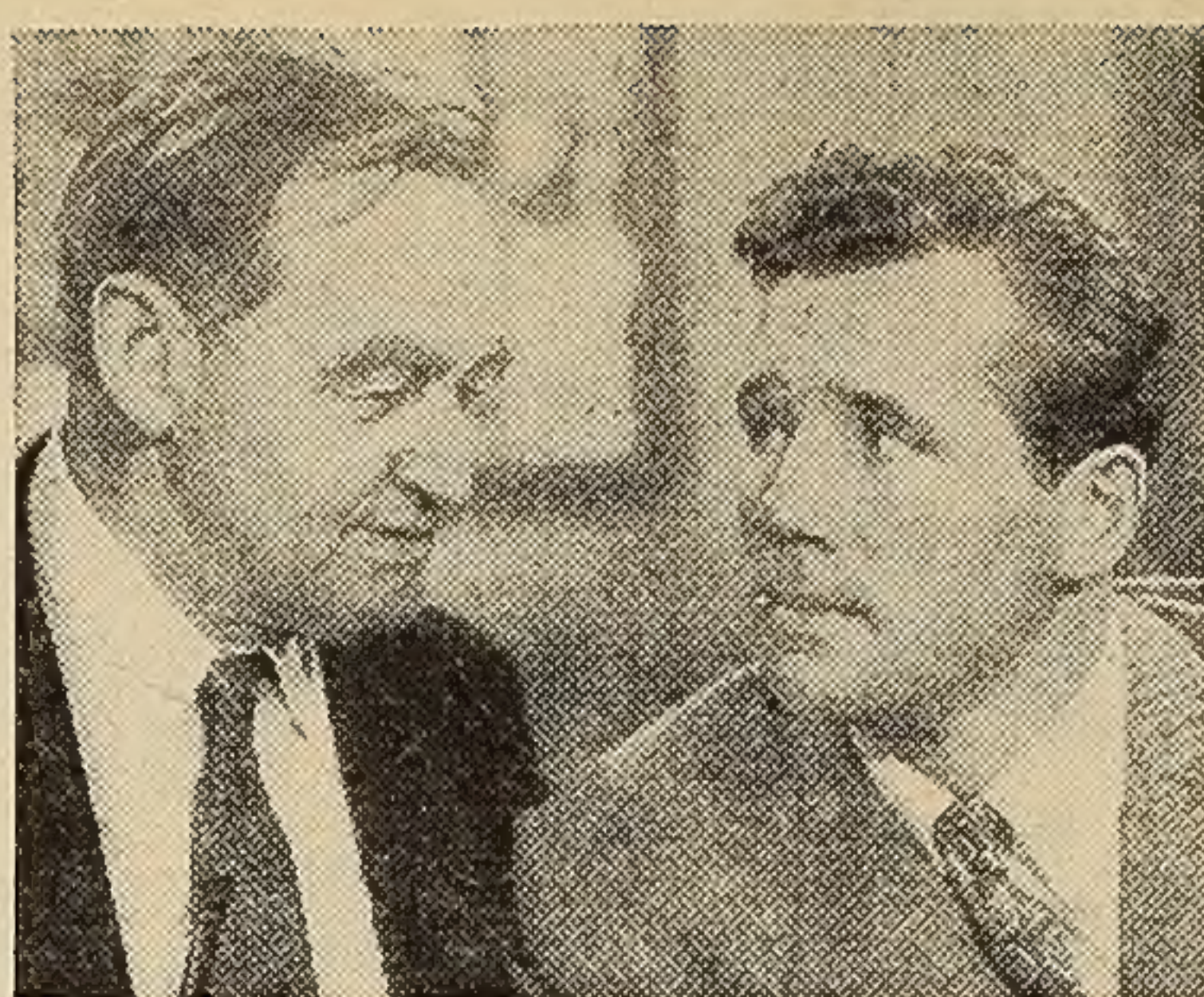
- ☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ **Gypsy**—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ **Regal**—Glamorous rich burgundy.
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- ☐ **English Tint**—Inviting coral-pink.
- ☐ **CHEEKTONE**—"Magic" natural color.

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THE NAKED CITY—Mark Hellinger—U-I

Mark Hellinger, one of the Big City's greatest all-time reporters before Hollywood claimed him, in his last film production before his untimely death has told a pulsating story of a metropolis in action that will go down in movie history as a great monument. Filmed entirely in New York, the producer's narrative relates the murder of a blonde model, and traces, step by step, the investigation by homicide lieutenant Barry Fitzgerald (better than ever), and his eager legman, Don Taylor (terrifically appealing). Playing important rôles amid the interesting passing parade of citizens, Howard Duff, as the gang's front and tipster, and Dorothy Hart, his fiancée who sticks by him, are especially effective, while House Jameson, the society doctor infatuated with the model, has a devastating scene—one of many you'll long remember.



SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR—U-I

If your interest in psychological quirk mysteries hasn't lagged, this Walter Wanger production is just your meat. Popular English actor, Michael Redgrave, gives a striking performance as the young architect whose murderous tendencies stem from an incident of a locked door in his childhood. Joan Bennett decorates the scene beautifully and adds greatly to the dramatic impact with a taut, well-defined portrait of his wealthy wife who finally discovers the cause and cure of his mental derangement. Ann Revere scores as wise, understanding sister who holds the key to the mystery.



AN IDEAL HUSBAND—Korda—20th-Fox

A period piece to delight the eye with its brilliant Technicolor scenes of fashionable 19th century London, and cheer the ear with Oscar Wilde's wit which, though it wears a little thin, still serves as an agreeable antidote to some of the tough movie dialogue we hear too much today. Accept this Korda offering for its gorgeous settings, exquisite costumes by Cecil Beaton, and excellent if mannered performances by such fine English players as Michael Wilding, Diana Wynyard, Glynis Johns, Sir C. Aubrey Smith, and others. Our own Paulette Goddard is a dashing dish as Mrs. Chevelley, scheming witch who sets out to wreck a diplomat's career but outsmarts herself.



YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME—20th-Fox

And Dan Dailey and Jeanne Crain were meant for each other—as a screen team, we mean—as you'll agree when you've watched them romance in this nostalgic movie set back in 1929. Dan's a brash band leader idolized by yesterday's teen-agers with all the fervor Sinatra inspires today. Jeanne's a sweet young small-town thing swept off her feet by the masterful technique of the touring troubadour. It's no one-night stand with them, as it turns out, but the Real Thing, and Jeanne learns what it means to be a popular band man's bride. Comes the depression, with play dates cancelled and gloom gathering; but their love survives the test, thanks to Jeanne's gallant defense. Everybody, old, young, or middlin', will cheer Dan Dailey's wonderful trouping, Miss Crain's tender appeal, Oscar Levant's best performance to date, and terrific tunes.



RELENTLESS—Columbia

A super-special Western with scenery of the wide open spaces in Technicolor that dazzles your tired eyes, a story that stands the acid test of logic and entertainment, and expert performances by cast headed by Robert Young and Marguerite Chapman—all this make this Cavalier production the answer to every Western fan's prayer. The plot's placed squarely in the hero's lap when murder for a gold mine map is committed the day he arrives in a strange town. The three-way chase—the posse after the hero, followed by badmen Akim Tamiroff and Mike Mazurka—is a new suspense technique.



THREE DARING DAUGHTERS—MGM

Entertainment elements, which producer Joe Pasternak handles so deftly, are splendidly displayed in this musical combining the thrilling voices of Jeanette MacDonald and Jane Powell with the superb piano performances of Jose Iturbi in a Liszt to boogie-woogie repertoire. The story has all the ingredients to please debs and sub-debs—except the divorce and second marriage angle, which we hope not many youngsters have had to encounter. Nevertheless, that angle is handled with good taste and shouldn't prove to be a serious stumbling block to enjoyment. Edward Arnold does a fine job of newspaper magnate who helps the daring daughters accept a new father.



Rev. Wm. H. Alexander of The First Christian Church of Okla. City performed wedding ceremony. Best man Art Rush (goodlooking enough to be a movie star himself) backs up Roy, while Mrs. Rush was matron of honor.



Family group: Dale poses with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, and son, Tommy Fox, and Tommy's sweetheart, Barbara Miller. Roy and Dale stopped off at Italy, Texas, for visit with in-laws before heading for Hollywood.



Newlyweds had intended to honeymoon in Sun Valley but sleet storm marooned them at the ranch. Right, Roy gives Dale first kiss after ceremony. Note Dale's old-fashioned bouquet of roses and forget-me-nots.



Roy and Dale were married New Year's Eve at cattle baron Bill Likins' Flying L Ranch near Davis, Oklahoma, same ranch once used by Republic as "location" for "Home in Oklahoma." Governor Roy Turner of Oklahoma and Mrs. Turner were among the fifty guests at wedding and reception. Roy's wedding gift to his bride was a bracelet watch with diamonds and rubies.

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Dimensional designed SKINTEES mold to your figure and enhance your natural grace. Add our exclusive "hip measurements-in-inches" fitting formula and you have the essence of undercover grooming. Tub beautifully. Priced economically. Ask for them at leading chain and dept. stores.

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Ex-Lax tastes good—like swell chocolate! Ex-Lax works smoothly, comfortably—and very thoroughly. No wonder it's *America's No. 1 laxative*—the favorite of old and young. Still only 10¢.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



ROBERT MONTGOMERY



JOAN BENNETT



RANDOLPH SCOTT



DONNA REED



ans'



orum



REVIVAL RECEPTION

**First Prize Letter
\$10.00**

Revivals have become a steady part of the weekly movie bill-of-fare, and, having had my share of "revival-meeting" experiences, I'd like to activate my pen about them a little.

I'd like to know, for one thing, who decides what pictures to revive. The decisions couldn't be based on a tally of general public requests, because the general public has much better taste than to ask for the majority of revivals being shown. If the industry is picking pictures they think we want to see again, what makes them pick so many films that got poor reception the first time they were shown? Some wise old turnip sampler once said, "You can't get blood out of a turnip," and I would add, "or good box office receipts out of a turkey."

The majority of the revivals in New York (a representative city, I trust) are wheezy cowboy pictures ("Frontier Marshal," "In Old Arizona"), jungle and swamp stuff ("Borneo," "Green Hell"), mildewed melodramas ("The Sea Bandits," "Murder Mob"), horror pictures—the horror is in the way they were executed—"Drums of Fu Manchu," "Black Friday," and maundering musicals ("Coney Island," "Down Argentina Way").

Also the movie releasers often slyly trap the unwary by renaming these worn-out wares so you might easily think you're going to see something new.

I remain a weekly movie-goer despite all this—merely because hope springs eternal in the human breast, I guess. I keep hoping they'll revive Hollywood's best, not worst, efforts. Why not revive all the Academy Award winners and their runners-up? Some have undoubtedly won on slight margins and runners-up have been distinguished, too. Why not revive all the wonderful Astaire-Rogers musicals, and "Roberta"? And the most dynamic of the Harlow-Gable spontaneous combustions? And pictures lots of us have heard much, but are not old enough to remember, like

Talk Time!

The floor's yours! And the topic of conversation in which we're all interested is movies, movie personalities—what we like and dislike about them. Let your letter to Fans' Forum speak for you. Movie-makers have eager ears trained in your direction, so let's get together for a talk-time session. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th St., New York City, N. Y.

"Cimarron" and "Sonny Boy"? And the best Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell love stories? Let's have revivals that people want to see—not flee from!

MURIEL WARD, New York, N. Y.

BIOGRAPHICAL FILM OF FRANKLIN

**Second Prize Letter
\$5.00**

Since the movies seem to have gone hog-wild, to use an old southern expression, in filming biographical pictures about any character who ever got his name in the paper, I wonder why they consistently overlook one of America's greatest and most interesting characters as a subject. I refer to Benjamin Franklin.

If some producer could be induced to make an accurate picture of his life, without taking the liberties that are usually taken in such cases, I believe he would find a large and eager audience waiting to receive it.

The late Dudley Digges would have been perfect for the part, but I think Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon or Brian Donlevy could do it justice.

How about it Mr. Mayer?

JEROME DAVENPORT, Pine Lake, Ga.

REED COMMENDED

\$1.00

Everyone is raving over Lana Turner's superb acting in "Green Dolphin Street." She was grand, but I had my eyes on another gal during the entire picture—Donna Reed!

For years, I've hoped she would be given a rôle worthy of her and at last my hopes have been realized. She was magnificent! Donna is lovely to look at, sweet, unaffected and a great little actress!

Her rôle in the picture, too, might well be a lesson to many of us in these days and times. We are so apt to give up when things are not going as we would have them go. *Marguerite*, played so ably by Donna, proved that regardless of sorrow or tragedy we can make something beautiful of our lives, if we only have courage and the desire.

Let's see more and more of Donna in bigger and better rôles. She's my recommendation for an Academy Award!

MRS. J. A. BRITT, Virginia Beach, Va.

CHEATING ON CHEATERS

\$1.00

I wonder if any of you felt like rebelling when you walked into one more movie to see the heroine begin the picture with the plainest, most unattractive hair style and clothes, and, last but not least, wearing a pair of heavy rimmed cheaters. Then as the picture progressed, she acquired a new hair-do, beautiful clothes and took off those "nasty" glasses and threw them away. Oh, how simple it would be if we all could do that, but I happen to be wearing mine so that I can see better. I'd give quite a bit to be able to go without them and be more attractive, but I'd probably lose a lot of friends because I'd only be half here. So, you see, it's like rubbing salt in open wounds when they depict a girl at her worst when she wears glasses. I suppose it would be hard to photograph a beautiful lady with a very attractive pair of glasses all through the picture, but maybe if they did, children and all the rest of us who have to wear them might not mind so much, but would be glad to do like the stars do. Joan Bennett has done much by realizing how foolish it is to go without them and wearing them is an asset now. Bless her, may others follow suit.

MRS. GERALD DEVEREAUX, Mundelein, Ill.



Lois Butler, new starlet of Eagle Lion's "Mickey," rescues two downy ducklings from Rover's over-friendly attention.

"My husband's a sweetheart!
See why
I use Mum?"



Orchids to you for holding on to your honeymoon happiness... for guarding the charm *he* finds so adorable. No wonder you vow never to be without Mum! Your bath washes away *past* perspiration. But to keep that daintiness from fading... to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*... always complete your bath with Mum.

Be a safety-first girl with



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

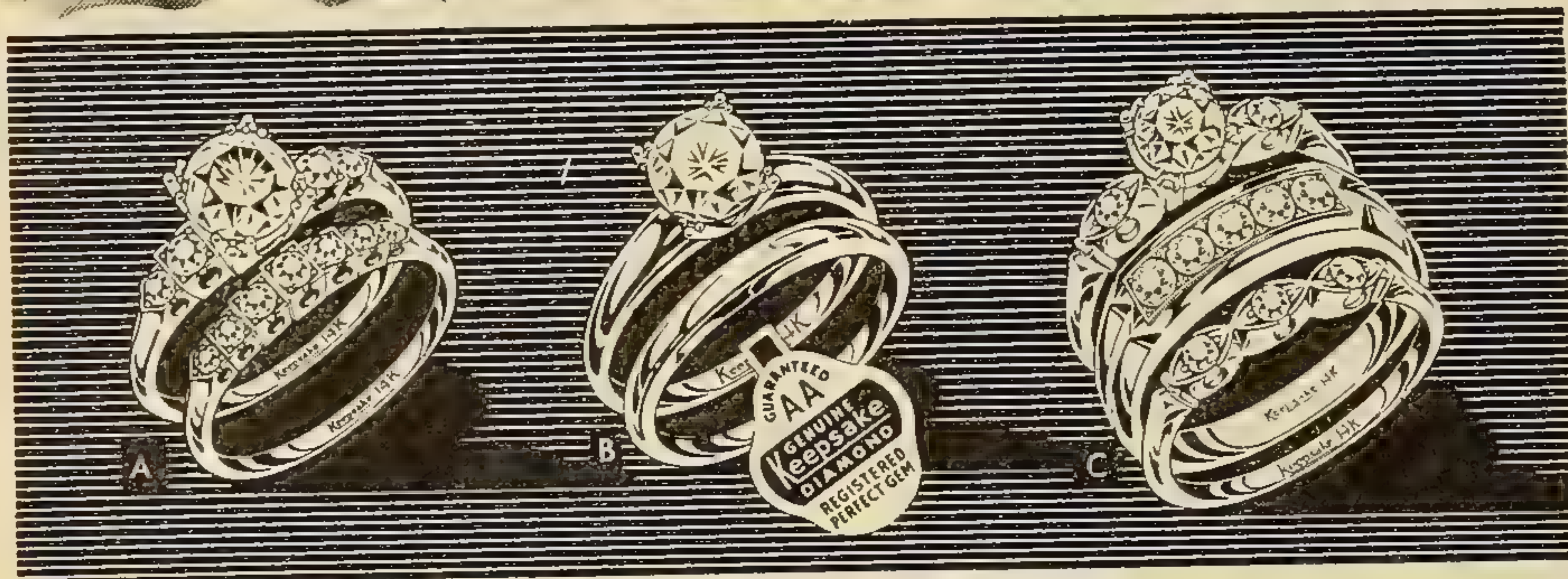
Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

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Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS
Trade Mark Registered



Ring of Your Dreams . . .

Dream of a ring . . . a genuine registered Keepsake . . . brilliantly beautiful as a handful of stars. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of excellence in color, cut and clarity which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words, "guaranteed registered perfect gem" on the tag . . . as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers.

A. MALDEN Set 825.00
Engagement Ring 675.00
Also \$575

B. HEATHER Set 362.50
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Also \$100 to 2475 and in
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C. JONQUIL Trio 312.50
Engagement Ring 125.00
Man's Diamond Ring 125.00
Available to match all en-
gagement rings \$75 to 200

All rings illustrated available in
white as well as natural gold
Rings enlarged to show details
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the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration.



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Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... SL 4-48

COURAGEOUS PIONEER

\$1.00

Why can't we have more movies like "They Were Expendable" and "The Lady in the Lake"? They were good movie fare and my guess is that they didn't cost as much to make as many of the movies that are made from best selling books on war or mystery.

The thing that made those pictures better than average was the ability of actor-director Robert Montgomery. It took a certain amount of courage to make these movies. The former because it was released at a time when everybody was trying to make us forget the country had been in a war, and the latter because of the unique photography which helped movie audiences to project themselves into the rôle of detective *Phillip Marlowe*.

I, for one, hope that Robert Montgomery will keep up the good work, treating his fans to more of his superbly acted and masterfully directed pictures.

ROBERT F. SKEETZ, Fort Wayne, Ind.

SCOTT ACCLAIMED

\$1.00

Isn't it about time someone handed out a bit of acclaim to one fine actor—Randolph Scott?

Personalities come and go. New stars are made, old ones pass into retirement. It takes an unusually strong character to weather the waves of public whims and to come through serenely on an even keel. That's what I like about Scott.

When he's a cowboy, you'd think riding a horse all day long was his natural job.



California was never like this! Bette Davis is togged for winter scene in "Strange Meeting."



And as
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twice at first. If
million, get into
Janet's gymnastic
really helps a lot.

Your Cold... develops in many ways... requires quick attention



GERMS called the "secondary invaders," are believed to be responsible for much of a cold's misery. These are already present in the mouth or may be transferred to you if you get in the way of a cough or a sneeze.



WET FEET or cold feet may lower body resistance, and so make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to invade the throat tissue and produce many of the miserable complications of a cold you know so well.



DRAFTS, fatigue, and sudden changes of temperature may also make it easier for germs to stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue. Reduction of germs is an important step in warding off a cold.

ANYTHING that lowers body resistance makes it easier for threatening germs called "secondary invaders" to enter throat tissues and start trouble.

So, at the slightest hint of a chill, sneeze or cough, begin at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and use it regularly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

This pleasant precaution may "nip your cold in the bud", or lessen its seriousness once it has started. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including "secondary invaders"... helps guard against their staging

a mass invasion of the tissue. In short it gets after them before they get after you.

Germ Reduction Up to 96.7% in Tests

Remember, repeated tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Also remember that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily in tests had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

**IN THE WINNING OF THE WEST
THIS IMMORTAL SAGA OF VENGEANCE
AND HEROISM WAS BORN!**

Last stand
at Fort Furnace Creek!

Two brothers
sworn to vengeance!

Mystery of the
wagon-train Massacre!

The Flaming
Arrows and the Silver
bullet!



FURY AT FURNACE CREEK

Starring **VICTOR MATURE • COLEEN GRAY**

with **GLENN LANGAN • REGINALD GARDINER**

Albert Dekker • Fred Clark • Charles Kemper • Robert Warwick • George Cleveland
Roy Roberts • Frank Orth • Willard Robertson • Griff Barnett

Directed by **BRUCE HUMBERSTONE** • Produced by **FRED KOHLMAR**

Written by Charles G. Booth • Additional Dialogue by Winston Miller • Suggested by a Story by David Garth

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Alexis Smith and her actor husband, Craig Stevens, on fun evening at Stork Club after return from Command Performance in London.

The Editor's Page



AN OPEN LETTER TO ALEXIS SMITH

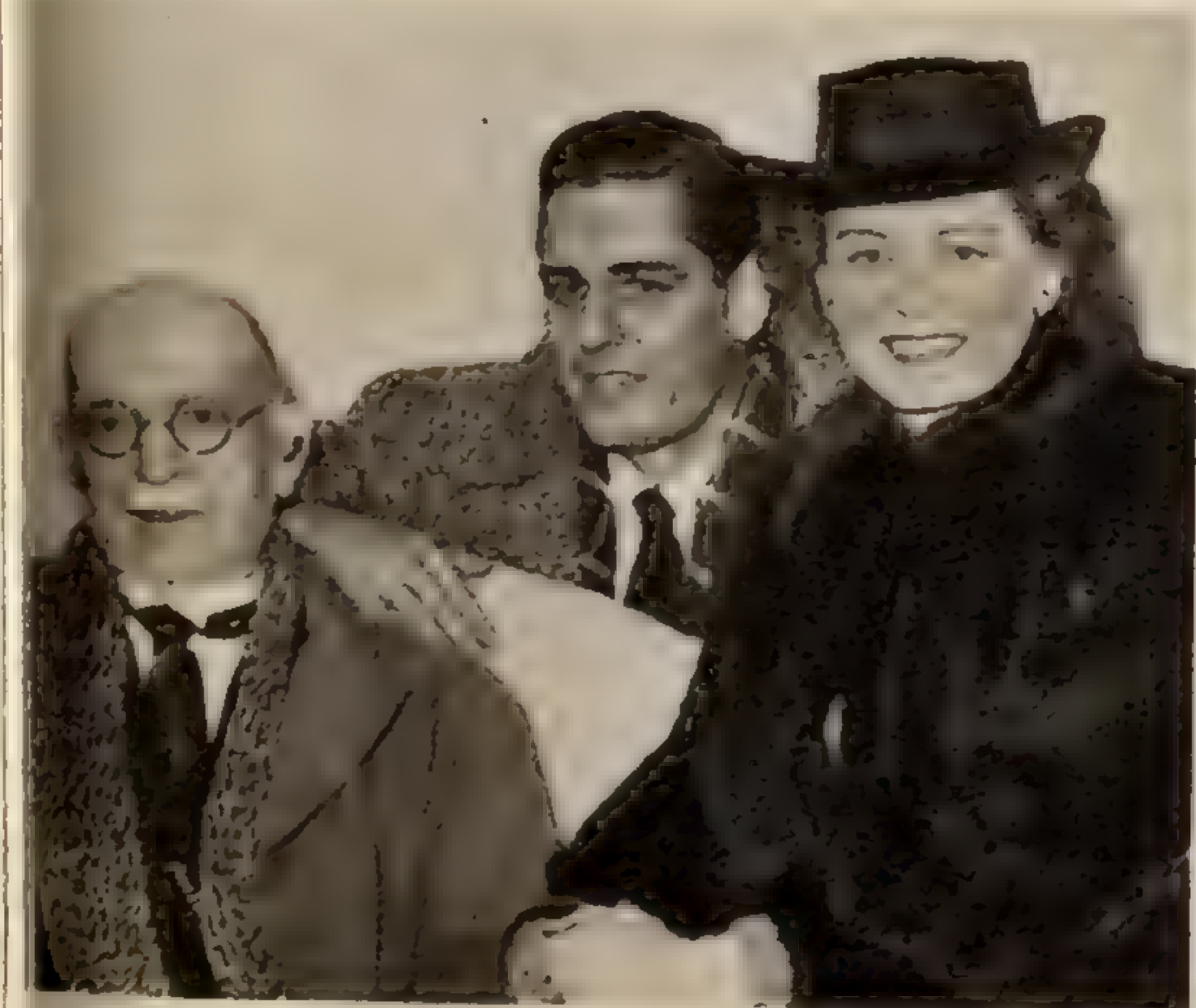
FROM

Delight Evans

DEAR Alexis:

Although I gave you your first "break" when you were starting out in pictures—because I thought here's a newcomer who's clean-cut, fresh, and wholesome, and so un-actressy—I never happened to meet up with you until you and your handsome husband Craig Stevens returned from the Command Performance in England. Was I surprised! You're still clean-cut and wholesome, all right, but with what an improvement. You're also an alert, humorous, poised young person who may look like a goddess but who is distinctly down to earth. No chi chi about My Career,

just a grateful acceptance; no nonsense about Wanting Bigger and Better Pictures; you'll wait for them to come along, as you know they will; no fuss about Star Treatment, nagging for gold fixtures in your dressing-room suite—no, you're quite happy about the whole thing: Warner Bros. Studio, Perc Westmore (and why not, with that wonderful new hair-do he gave you), your husband, your home, (Please turn to page 69)



Warner Bros.' star of "Whiplash" and "Woman in White" proved charming ambassador when she visited England. Left above, Alexis and Craig with David Morris, her great-uncle in Cardiff, Wales, where she was guest of honor at Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund Ball. Center, with autograph hunters at Brighton. Right, with the entire Morris family.

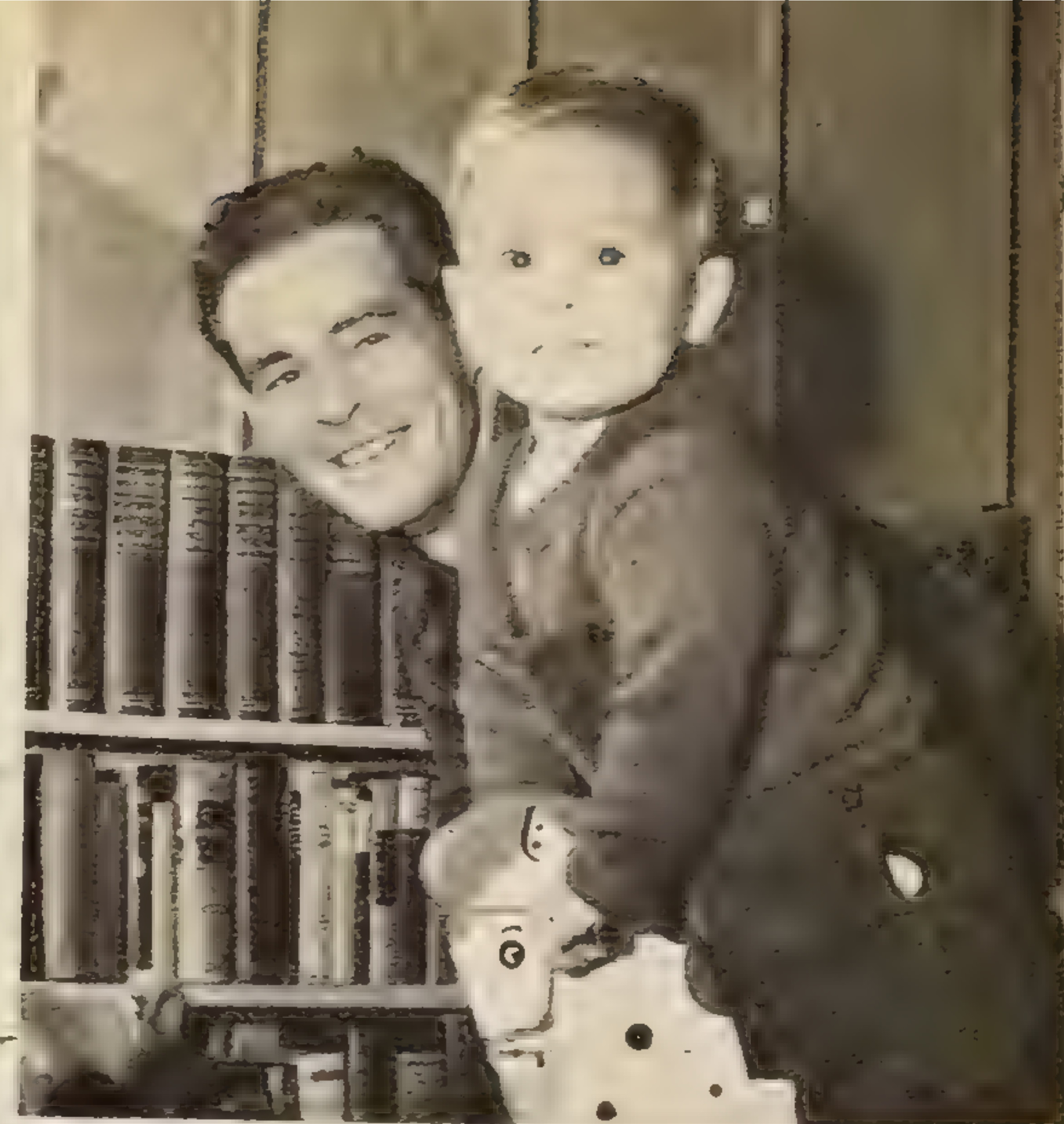
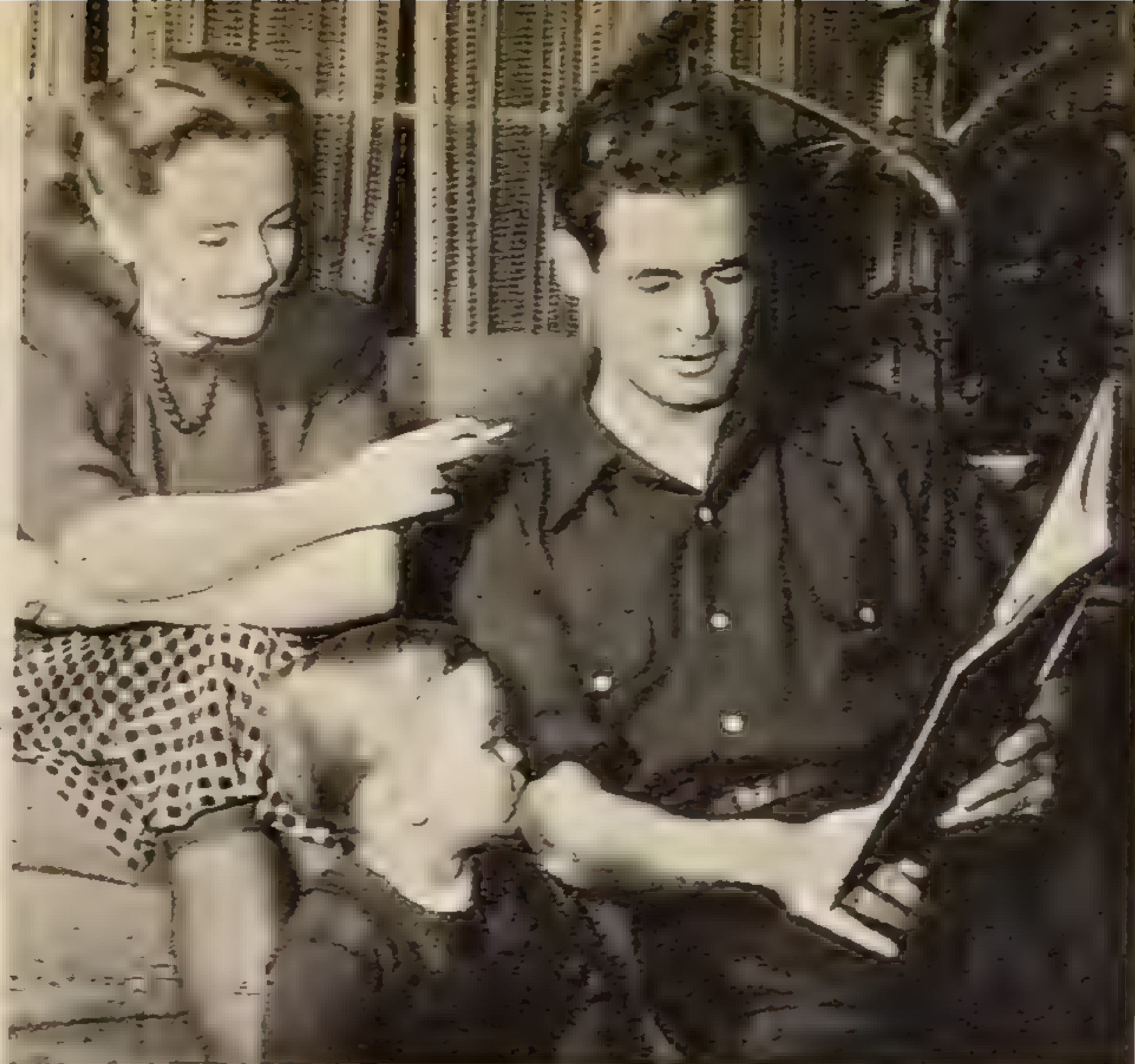
**COLOR
PREVIEW:
BETTY
GRABLE'S
NEW FILM**

Adapted from the classic musical show, "The Lady in Ermine," Betty's latest is a lavish, tuneful romantic comedy set in the 1860s, giving the star and her TV stalwart leading men ample opportunity to show off the colorful costumes, plush, picturesque er-



**Grable, screen's highest
salaried star, goes all
out for romance in "The
Lady in Ermine," in
which she co-stars
with Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr., and
Cesar Romero**





Our exclusive interview tells Bob's reactions to his experiences filming "Berlin Express" for RKO in Germany. Left above, on location in Frankfurt with co-star Merle Oberon and fellow players. Now Bob's back home in Hollywood with his charming wife Jessica and young son Timmy, who's rugged, too.

Yes, rugged is the word for Ryan! Not only in physique—6' 3"—and the rugged rôles he plays, but in his thinking, too

**By
Neil Rau**



TO MY recollection, Robert Ryan is the first actor returning from Europe in the past six months who hasn't felt it an urgent matter to comment on the long and short skirts, or to complain about the shoddy cuisine at the Dorchester in London.

By nature Bob is as genial an Irishman as ever flipped a quip, but when I met him in his dressing room at RKO to discuss his recent stay on the continent, he had no time for superficialities. This was probably my own fault, because I had asked him what he *felt* about Europe instead of about what he had seen.

It had occurred to me that readers would like to know the sincere reaction of a plain, intelligent American to the current European scene. Heaven knows we have all heard and read enough on that subject recently, but the usual material that comes our way is combined with diplomatic mumbo jumbo or is slanted with an out-and-out political bias. After talking to Bob Ryan, I am convinced (*Please turn to page 65*)

*Rugged
Ryan*



By Fredda Dudley

Edith Head, right, studies dummy figures of Paramount stars for whom she designs her fabulous fashions. Miss Head was first among Hollywood creators to foresee the new trend, which she has christened "the '48 Fashion." First so-called "New Look" clothes to be seen on the screen will be Betty Hutton's Edith Head-designed wardrobe for "Dream Girl." Below, Betty illustrates.



Dress

Famous Hollywood designer Edith Head creates a dress for YOU! And don't miss exclusive interview below, in which she interprets "the '48 Fashions"

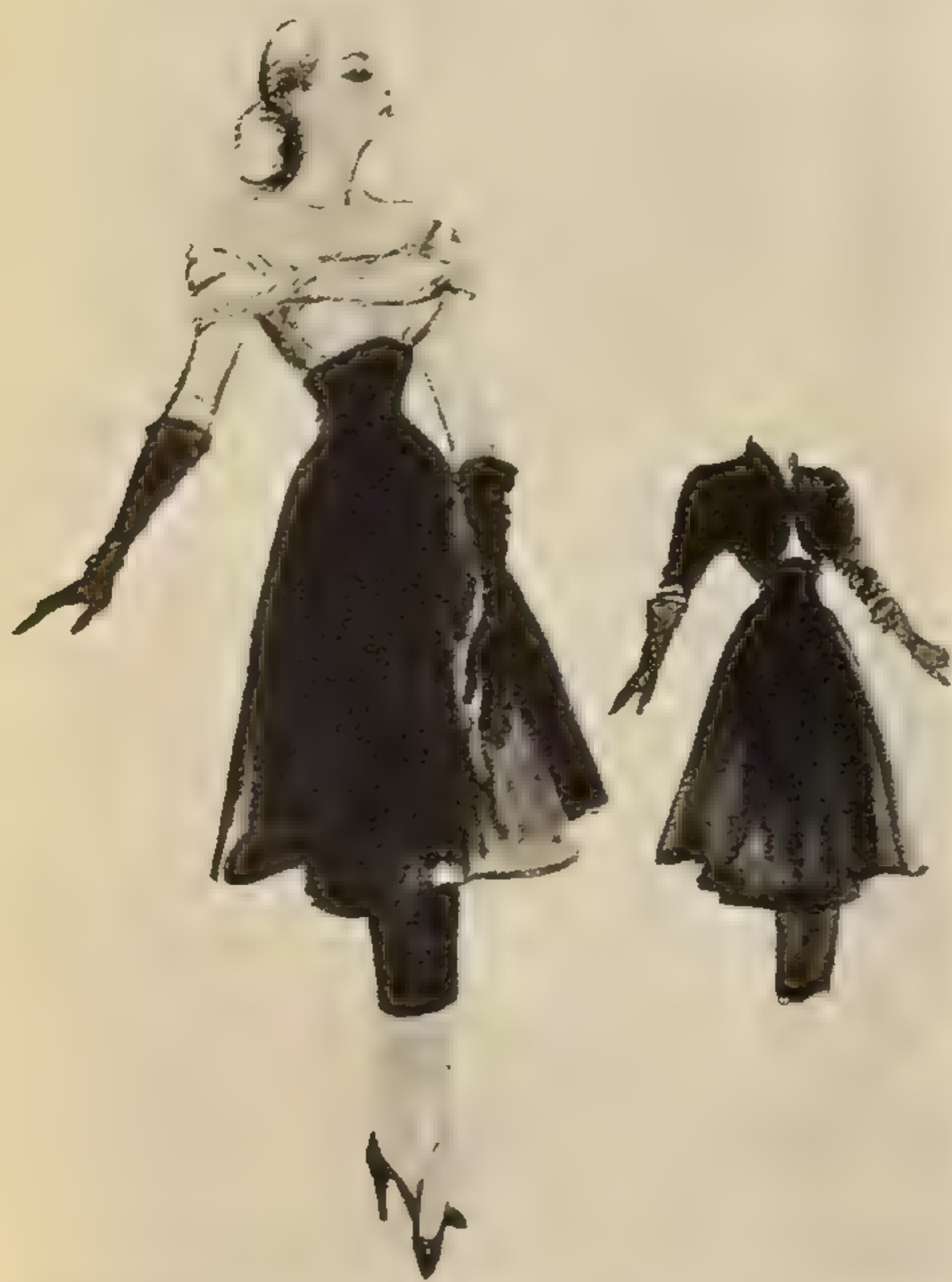


SO YOU went shopping the other day in search of a simple, but flattering, frock to wear when attending club meetings or bridge parties, yet all you could find was a whoops-my-dear version of the garment in which your great-grandmother used to play croquet.

So you went shopping for a slim and elegant version of the cocktail suit, and everything you tried on made you look like a matronly elephant in an interesting condition. Stop! Do not fling yourself from an unguarded bridge or fire a shotgun into an electric fan.

Edith Head is coming to your rescue. She is among those clear-thinking, totally amused, and rational designers who view the "new look" (horrible expression) not as an inescapable feminine jail sentence, but as a mood of the moment which is—even as you read this—being revised, improved, and humanized. Edith has an antidote for hysteria, a recipe for "How To Be Happy—Though Dressed."

(Please turn to page 81)



Like a Movie Star!

— Size 12 —

For Elizabeth Scott —

flared skirt

Basque jacket

striped fabric for lining of pettecoat

very rounded shoulder

— Size 9 —

rounded shoulder

— Size 16 —

semi-rounded shoulder —
striped fabric for lining and acet blouse

medium length jacket —

12" off —

front fullness
13" off

For Peggy Wood

Edith Head

So you've always wanted to "dress like a star." Here's your opportunity to achieve that Hollywood look by following Edith Head's exclusive creation for you SCREENLAND readers: "Two-piece" theme for 1948, for any figure—but adjust your length and fullness to your size.



All that, and Peter Lawford, too
Exclusive Florida location story

On An Island

with MONTALBAN



Handsome young Mexican Ricardo Montalban, who made a hit in "Fiesta," repeats in MGM's "On an Island with You," outdoor scenes of which were filmed at Winter Haven, Florida. Left, Ricardo knows that makeup is necessary but he winces anyway.



Below, Montalban and Cyd Charisse meet a feathered member of the cast. Remember Ric and Cyd together in "Fiesta"? With Esther Williams and Pete Lawford co-starring, "On an Island with You" looks like another surefire hit from here.

I'M NOT putting myself out on a limb when I say that Ricardo Montalban, from Mexico way, has what it takes to become Hollywood's most romantic lover. Possessing characteristic Latin grace and a sleek, dark beauty, he could, with proper Hollywood grooming, develop into an actor as impassioned as Rudolph Valentino, of silent movie fame, as ardent as Charles Boyer.

I watched him for a day at Winter Haven, Florida, while "On an Island with You" was being photographed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Perhaps it was the spell of the setting—the cypress swamps, with trees hundreds of years old, festooned with Spanish moss; the lake sparkling like a jewel in bright sunlight.

Anyway, there was Montalban, the Mexican caballero, with classic profile, exuding the charm I felt while watching his first American-made picture, "Fiesta."

Because his parents are Castilian Spanish, from Spain, his skin is lighter than that of many Mexicans. His face, more narrow than wide, is firmly moulded. He has dark, expressive eyes, wavy hair brushed back from a high, intelligent forehead, and a friendly, contagious grin showing even teeth.

Though he speaks English fluently and though he has an American wife, Georgianna (Loretta Young's kid sister), and two American children, Laura, 2, and Mark, less than a year old, Ricardo is typically South (Please turn to page 72)

By Lillian Blackstone





Love her or hate her, Hazel Brooks will arouse your interest in "Sleep, My Love"

the Love-Her- Hate-Her Girl

By Barbara Berch

THIS is all about a girl named Hazel Brooks who was born beautiful twenty-odd years ago, and still is. It's about how she grew from nothing (as most of us do) into a woman of magnificent contour, philosophic learning, and sizeable wealth (as most of us do not), and who now threatens to turn into a movie star the likes of which we may never see again—and which we most certainly have never seen before. She's fresh, she's sassy, she's unbelievable, she's fun—and so sexily gorgeous that most of the men around the studio have to work strapped down to their folding chairs.

She appears in Enterprise's "Arch of Triumph"—in body only. She doesn't say a word. But when the studio bosses took a look at that body (and henceforth, they proclaim, the female form is to be known as a hazel-brooks) they thought they'd better let her open her mouth and see what she had to say for herself. So they (*Please turn to page 73*)



She's fresh, she's sassy,
she's unbelievable—but she's
fun. Meet Hazel Brooks



If you saw her in "Body and Soul" you'll probably be wanting to check Hazel Brooks' latest performance in "Sleep, My Love," with Don Ameche, above. Right, the fabulous Brooks in another mood, in her California garden.



Screenland's gracious
social leader selects
"The Ten Most
Popular Men" at
Hollywood parties

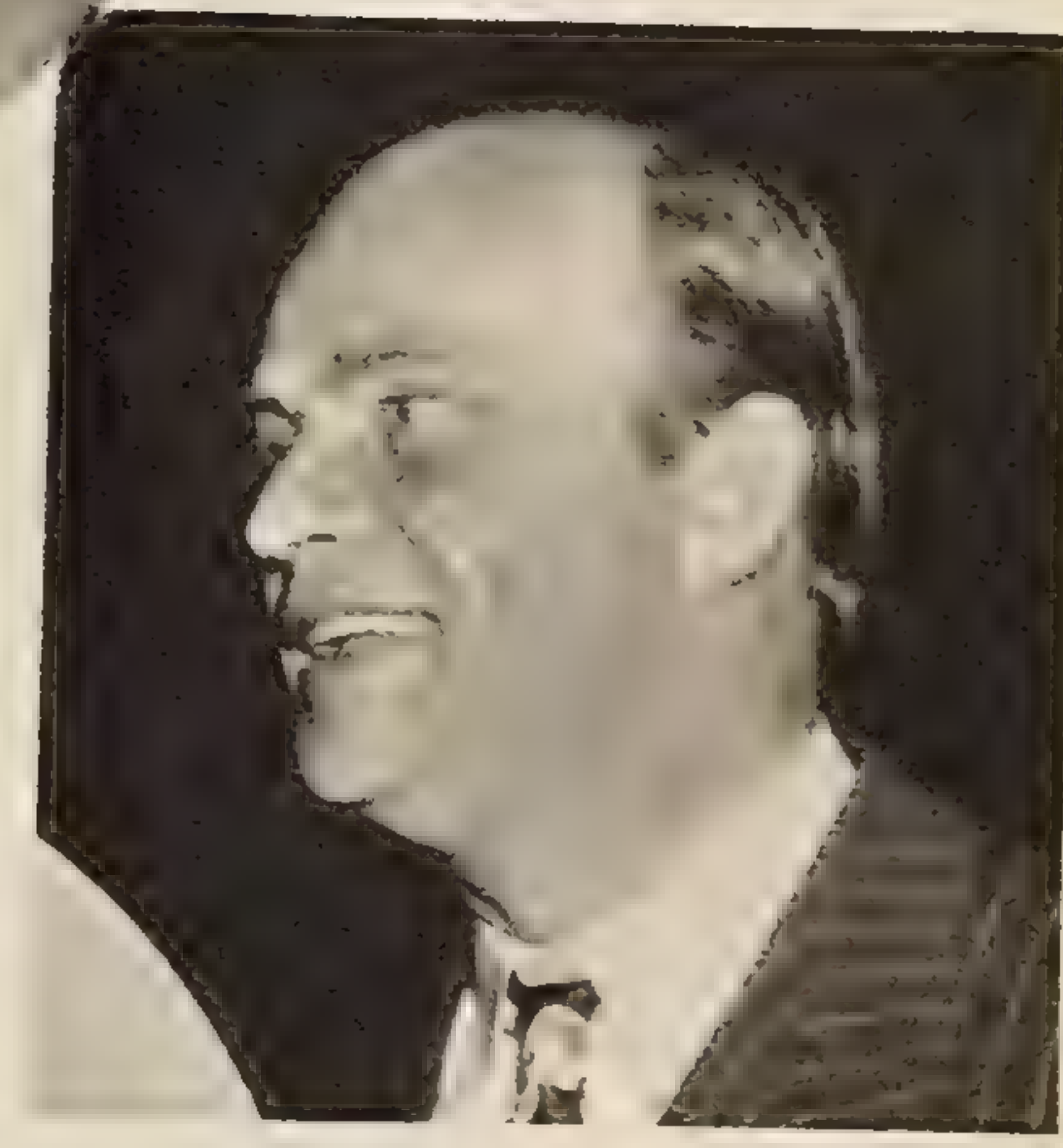
By
Cobina Wright

Inside Hollywood's Social Circle





Our celebrated authority on Hollywood modes and manners gives you fascinating closeups of famous men guests most in demand at movie soirées. Since more of you readers have asked her this question than any other, Mrs. Wright chose this topic for her current article. On this page you're looking at "The Ten": Jimmy Stewart, Robert Mitchum, Tyrone Power, Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Turhan Bey, Reggie Gardiner, Edgar Bergen, Phil Silvers and Eddie Goulding. Now read why Mrs. Wright selected them. Write and tell her what you'd like her to discuss in next issue.



MARCH came and went like a social lion and the forecast is for plenty of April showers and parties in Hollywood's social circle this coming month.

However, for this column I would like to save the invitations and have you meet some of the guests. I have had so many queries about who are the most popular men at Hollywood parties that I should like to pick the ten I think are most outstanding. I don't mean that they would all be likely to be included in the same party, but each has some distinctive quality which makes him a decided asset at a party and each has an individual personality-appeal which makes him sought after by every hostess.

When I returned from England I conferred with SCREENLAND's charming editor, Delight Evans, and she agreed with me that the men I had chosen certainly receive more invitations than most Hollywood males. Certainly, I am always pleased to welcome any one of them to my parties, and their acceptance of an invitation invariably assures success for the evening, whether it be at dinner or at a late soirée.

I think, like Abou-ben-Adhem, Cary Grant's name should lead the rest. He is in such constant demand because he always knows what to do at a party. If it is a formal party with a rather stiff feeling in the air, he always has an "ice-breaker" handy; if it is a gay, informal gathering, he can be depended upon to keep things going at a lively pace. He has a talent for putting people at their ease and a flattering manner of giving you his whole, undivided attention. You never feel that he is talking for effect or to be overheard. He is conversing with you as an individual.

Cary, himself, doesn't particularly like big parties. He prefers smaller, intimate dinners and get-togethers with people who are his friends. However, I have seen him (*Please turn to page 60*)



Girl of the Month • Gale Storm



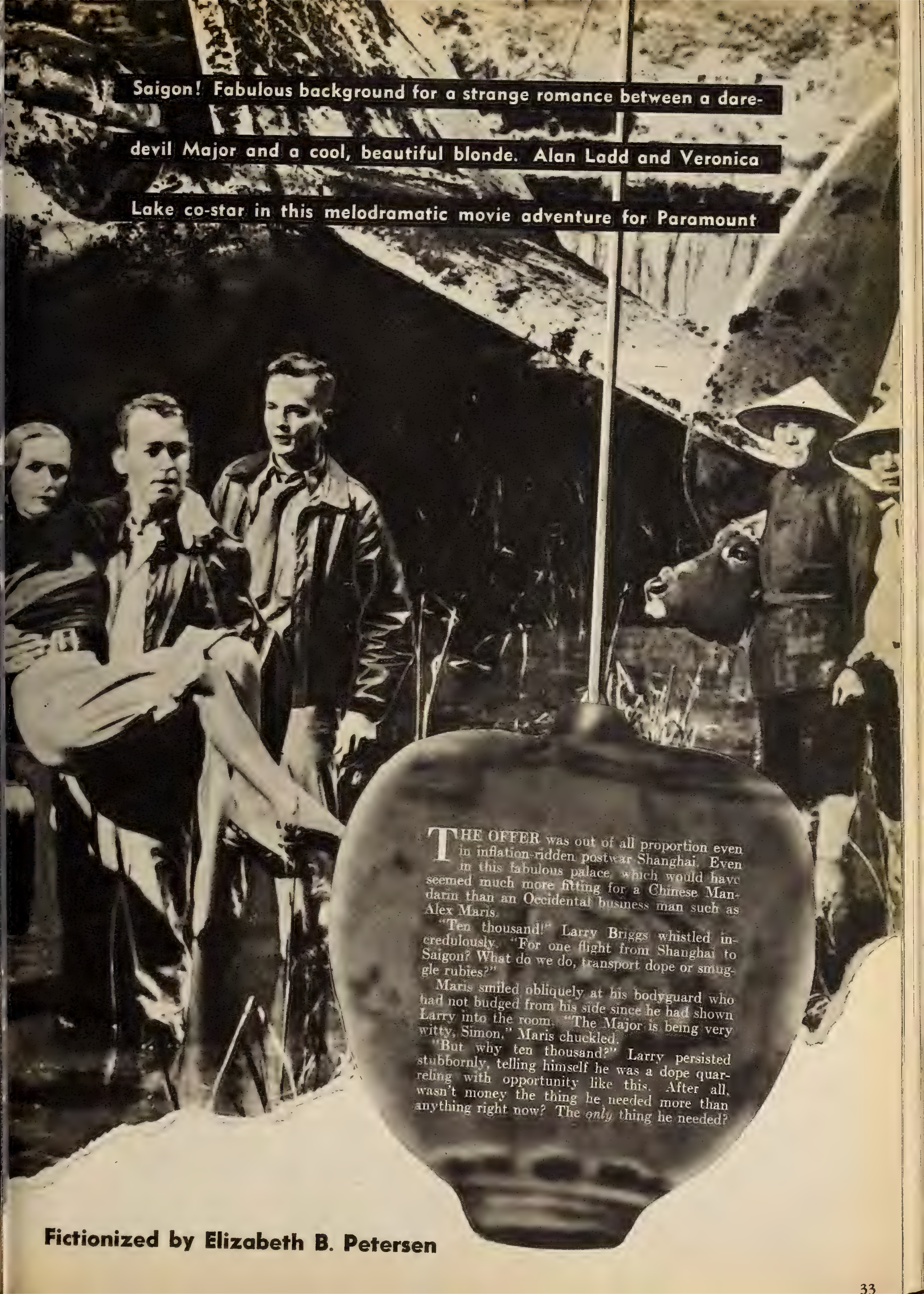
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April babies,
don't you care
If April showers
muss your hair.
The sun will shine
On number nine.
The color red
Will help you wed.
The diamond's
your jewel—
In fact,
you're nobody's
April Fool!

Lovely Gale Storm, Hollywood's most wholesome heroine, is currently starring in "The Tenderfoot," a King Brothers comedy Western for Allied Artists. In private life Gale is the happy wife of handsome actor Lee Bonnell and the devoted, amazingly youthful mother of three beautiful children. We salute her!





Saigon! Fabulous background for a strange romance between a dare-devil Major and a cool, beautiful blonde. Alan Ladd and Veronica

Lake co-star in this melodramatic movie adventure for Paramount

THE OFFER was out of all proportion even in inflation-ridden postwar Shanghai. Even in this fabulous palace which would have seemed much more fitting for a Chinese Mandarin than an Occidental business man such as Alex Maris.

"Ten thousand!" Larry Briggs whistled incredulously. "For one flight from Shanghai to Saigon? What do we do, transport dope or smuggle rubies?"

Maris smiled obliquely at his bodyguard who had not budged from his side since he had shown Larry into the room. "The Major is being very witty, Simon," Maris chuckled.

"But why ten thousand?" Larry persisted stubbornly, telling himself he was a dope quarreling with opportunity like this. After all, wasn't money the thing he needed more than anything right now? The *only* thing he needed?

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen



From Shanghai to Saigon the mysterious blonde, *Susan Cleaver* (Veronica Lake) and the intrepid *Major Larry Briggs* (Alan Ladd) fight the battle of the sexes—her mocking insolence matching his cold appraisal. But the lure of the Orient changes all that



Maris smiled ingratiatingly. "Simon and I have a great admiration for heroes, Major," he said. "And it happens we know quite a lot about you, and the other two survivors of your crew. Such superb courage! I quote from a newspaper story at the time: 'Major Briggs, Captain Perry and Sergeant Rocco, their ship shot to pieces—'"

Larry felt his nerves shooting sparks. "Unquote," he said coldly. "I was there."

Maris ignored the flyer's growing hostility. "That's why I sent for you. You see, when I enter the plane, my life will be in your hands. And I'm fond of looking forward to a ripe old age."

Larry wanted to push his fist straight into that smiling face, thinking of Mike Perry who would never live to see that goal Maris had set for himself. Mike who at the best had two, maybe a possible three months to live.

"Yeah, that's a nice thing to be able to look forward to." Larry forced himself to hide the anguish which hadn't eased at

all in the week since the doctor had told him that platinum plate in Mike's head wouldn't keep him alive after all. That those torturous six months of slicing and patching and agony added up to only a big zero.

It made Larry feel empty thinking of it, so he thought instead of the promise he and Pete Rocco had made to each other. They were going to take Mike's two, maybe three months and pack them with a hundred years of good living. They were never going to let him know what the score really was and that he'd be dead before the good time was over. For there weren't going to be any rough spots in those months, no bumps. They were going to make up for all the years Mike would never have. No matter how much money it took. They'd find it somewhere.

"Look," Larry said suddenly. "For ten thousand I'll fly you to Saigon on my back. Where do we pick up the plane?"

The details had been all worked out. They'd gotten their passports visaed for Indo-China and on Tuesday afternoon a chauffeur had called for them in a sleek limousine and taken them to the small flying field screened in by a dense bamboo grove. Larry's wrist watch showed exactly fifteen minutes to six. And the order was that they were to take off promptly at six. (Please turn to page 54)

"SAIGON"

A Paramount Picture

Produced by P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Screenplay by P. Wolfson and Arthur Sheekman. Based on a story by Julian Zimet. With the following cast:

Major Larry Briggs.....ALAN LADD
Susan Cleaver.....VERONICA LAKE
Capt. Mike Perry.....DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
Sgt. Pete Rocco.....WALLY CASS
Lt. Keon.....LUTHER ADAMS
Alex Maris.....MORRIS CARNOY
Simon.....LUIS VAN ROOT



From moonlit nights on a river boat, in postwar Indo-China, to the luxury of a modern hotel, the story of "Saigon" sweeps into suspenseful melodrama with Alan Ladd, as you like him—rough, tough, and tender, first scorning, then conquering Veronica Lake



Valli

The Unvanquished



Called "Europe's most beautiful actress," Alida Valli was imported by David O. Selznick for a star rôle in "The Paradine Case," co-starring with Gregory Peck and new French actor Louis Jourdan, right. That's Director Hitchcock with Valli at far right. Below, the real Valli with her husband and son.

Unmasking the most
sensational European import
since Ingrid Bergman! Her
life story is more fantastic
than fiction



By Ben Maddox

COULD you change suddenly to a foreign country's customs? If you were picked to be moved with magic swiftness into a completely new chapter in your life, could you immediately continue with your work though you neither spoke nor understood the strangers' language?

Valli has done that. Much more, besides. When she stepped into an airplane in Rome, just a year ago, her courage failed her for a few minutes. She remembered how far she was going, what a tall movie mountain she

was daring to climb. Then in the next flash, she recalled how far she had already come, and her innate bravery returned to her. Soon the Eternal City was spread below her, a giant cup of majestic history in which she sentimentally saw mixed her memories of her own adventures. In a few hours snow-capped peaks and great forests had unrolled so steadily she was at the Paris airport, but with no time to see the city's famed boulevards. She got off in London to transfer to the Queen Elizabeth, sailing West with the tide the following morning. Two days in a fantastic New York and she was Hollywood-bound. Only two days in California and she was actually adding to the hectic history of the Quicksilver City. She was on an impressive set of "The Paradine Case," playing the pivotal rôle. Her career as an American star had begun with shotgun speed.

"I could act in English because I memorized the words and their meaning," she explains these days, almost all accent quite gone from her low voice.

I don't think anyone ever caught on faster. Since she's proved both an exciting and excellent actress, meeting Valli is the most fashionable trick of the month in Hollywood. If you don't know the Intriguing Import, you're living back in '47. You're still sitting with the squares. I feel fortunate that I was able to meet her when she arrived. Watching her American evolution at close range has been a rewarding experience.

One outstanding thing about it is that she instantly went to work acting, had no time for the usual build-up ballyhoo. She kept on working for a solid nine months, excepting two weeks (*Please turn to page 58*)

She's made Hollywood sit up and take notice. Valli was rushed into "The Miracle of the Bells" to co-star with Frank Sinatra (playing a priest) and Fred MacMurray, right. Far right, her husband visits the set. Looking up, Valli in makeup for the RKO film, and with her family.





Great at the box-office, an honest human being, Gregory Peck leads off our list of important star advisers with a whopping good argument on this month's topic. Above, Greg with his charming wife, Greta, and their two sons, Jonathan and Stephen. Yes, Peck's picture for 20th, "Gentleman's Agreement," is still most-discussed current film.

SCREENLAND'S STAR

Discussing the question:

"SHOULD ACTORS MIX

HOLLAND: This month we're going into a topic that should make the fur fly! At least, it's one of the most debatable subjects in town at the moment: "Should Actors Mix in Politics?" So, without any further ado, have any of you at any time ever voiced political opinions publicly or aligned yourself with any one group or another? And, if so, what was the reaction from your fans? This is putting you right on the spot in a hurry!

ANN BLYTH: I've never openly voiced opinions. I usually steer clear of political entanglements—especially since I'm not old enough yet to vote!

ANN SOTHERN: Well, I've taken sides. I was on the Hollywood Republican Committee when Willkie was running for President. I made speeches and stumped for him. And I can't say I had any repercussions from fans.

LON: I took sides for the first time

Forum Conducted by JACK HOLLAND

recently when I broadcast with other stars for the First Amendment. Contrary to some misguided opinions, I didn't go on the air because I had any Communist leanings. I certainly have not! But the recent investigation of Hollywood figures by the Thomas committee was the first thing that had moved me since I came back from the Army. I felt the whole thing was un-American and so I spoke up. And I haven't had any reaction from my fans either.

GREG: I was on the same broadcast, Lon, but I had several reactions. One letter, in particular, came from a lady in Chicago who berated me no end for taking the side I did. This lady said, in answer to a part of my speech, that no

one's rights had been molested by the investigation. I disagree, because the committee was supposed to investigate subversive influences in the motion picture industry. At no time did the investigation prove that there was a single film or a single line of dialogue that was un-American. Nor did it prove that any of the men eventually indicted for refusing to state whether or not they were Communists were responsible for any subversive scenes in pictures. In fact, the testimony of the opposition consisted of hearsay, hysteria, and had no facts at all. When the accused men were called to testify in rebuttal, they were not allowed to give their side. They were only asked if they were communists. They simply were not given any kind of self-defense. Whatever they said could only play into the hands of the Committee. The whole procedure seemed lacking in American fair play, and (Please turn to page 78)



The other four members of our star board are Ann Blyth, now appearing in U-I's "Another Part of the Forest"; Lon McCallister, 20th Century-Fox star; Susan Hayward, currently in "Tap Roots"; and Ann Sothern, lower left, of Warners' new musical, "April Showers." Read what they think on the provocative topic chosen for this month's discussion. Write them what you'd like them to talk about next.



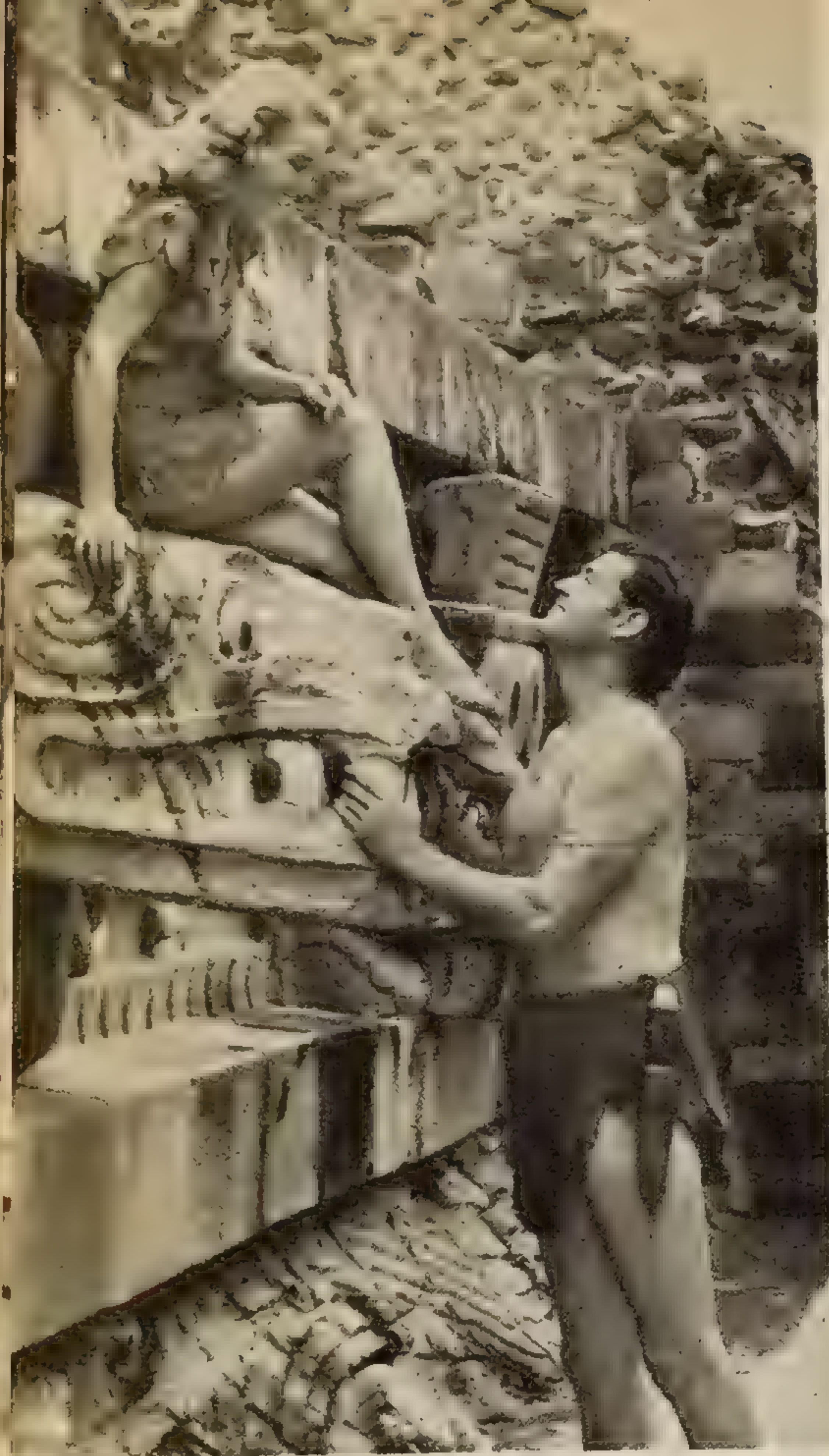
We all like to speak our minds especially when the subject under discussion is as challenging as this one. Join the stars in their verbal battles!

Write in suggestions for their next argument. The opinions expressed here are their own. We don't always agree, but applaud their honesty

ADVISERS

IN POLITICS?"





Fascinating facts about the Mexican filming of "Tarzan and the Mermaids" are related in our story. For the 12th time Johnny Weissmuller appears in his popular rôle, with Brenda Joyce, left (her 4th Tarzan appearance) and Linda Christians, center below, in decorative support. Backgrounds provide exotic, colorful scenes.



Tarzan

ANYONE who thinks locations are faked in the Tarzan pictures should have been along with Johnny Weissmuller during the filming of "Tarzan and the Mermaid." The story was laid in Africa, and although producer Sol Lesser substituted Mexican scenery in lieu of the veldt, there the faking ended. We couldn't have gone more native if we had been in the heart of the Belgian Congo.

Mexican location was not new to me. I had worked on "Captain from Castile" for eight and a half months, and we had spent nine weeks in Acapulco, so I knew a few of the problems. On "Castile" we practically lived in the dirty water. However, every precaution was used. As soon as we got out of the water, we would be given alcohol rubs, hot drinks. Our water was sterilized. No one got sick working for 20th. Getting authenticity à la Tarzan was another matter.

Before I went to work as *Benji* in "Tarzan and the Mermaid," we had sort of a round table. They asked me a lot of questions about Mexico because I had just returned. I was jovial and to the point. "Let's film it in La Jolla," I suggested brightly. (Please turn to page 61)



John Laurenz, above, sings one of his Calypso songs to a bevy of "native" girls (imported from Hollywood!). John, who can't swim, fell into the water where sharks were gamboling. Native boys assured him, "Don't worry, señor. Sharks don't see so good." Facing page shows some real native swimmers in action.



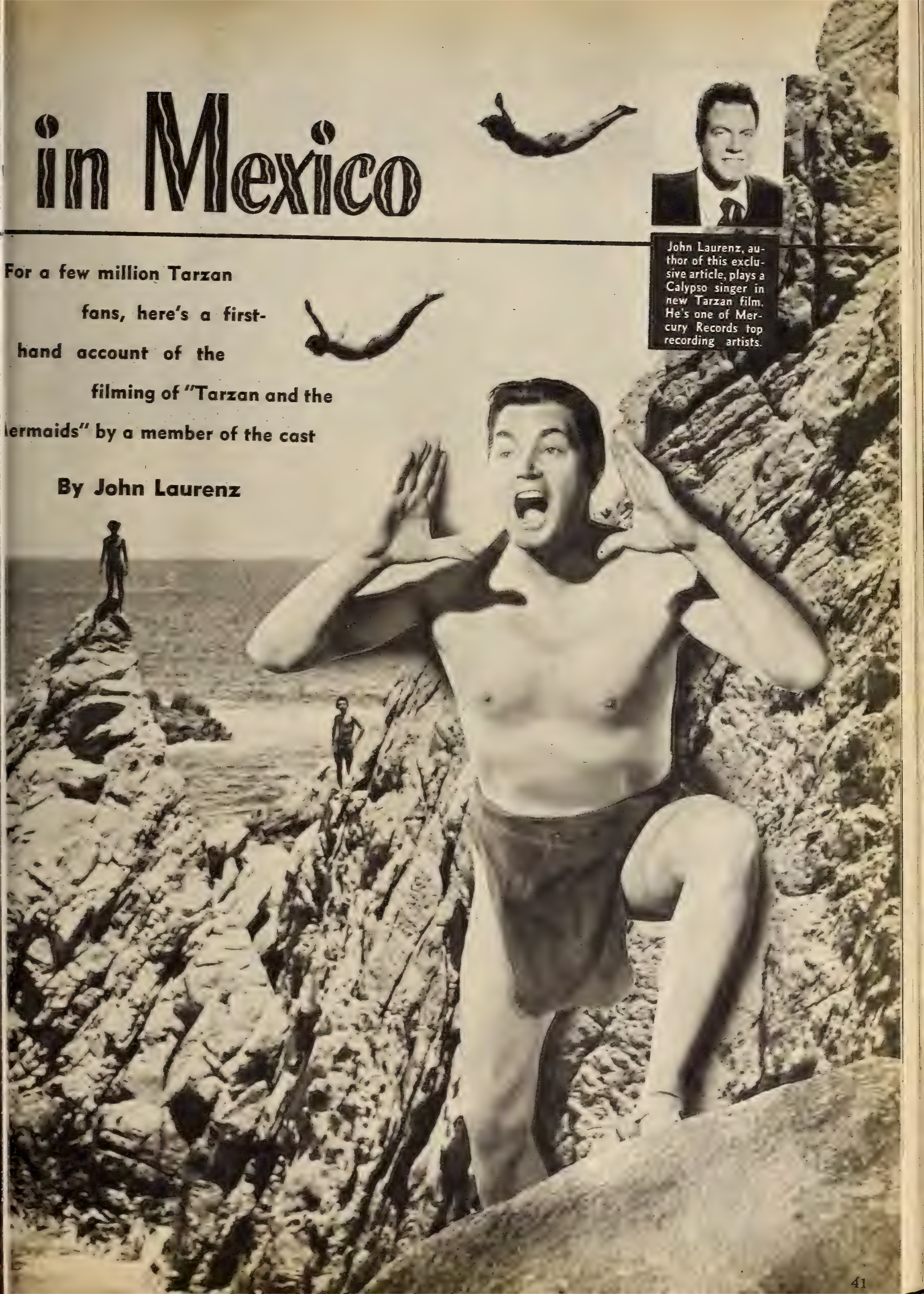
in Mexico



John Laurenz, author of this exclusive article, plays a Calypso singer in new Tarzan film. He's one of Mercury Records top recording artists.

For a few million Tarzan fans, here's a first-hand account of the filming of "Tarzan and the Mermaids" by a member of the cast

By John Laurenz





Loretta Young made her first

picture in 1928, age 14. Now,

20 years later, still

beautiful, she's all set for a

new career as a Great Actress

Exquisite PIONEER

By Marcia Daughtrey

THERE are a dozen refreshing facets of Loretta Young's personality, but one of the most ingratiating is the fact that she frankly admits her age: thirty-three.

This comes as a surprise for a number of reasons. First of all, few glamor girls care to look the stork in the face in retrospect. Second, everyone is always amazed to realize that, when Loretta made her first picture in 1928 ("Laugh, Clown, Laugh," opposite Lon Chaney) she was an immature youngster of fourteen. In those days, the great stars were Norma Shearer, Vilma Banky, Greta Garbo, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, and Florence Vidor. Mentioned as Most Likely to Succeed were such starlets as Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neill. A girl named Joan Crawford had just finished a picture called "Dancing Lady" in which she had played opposite two brilliant newcomers, one Clark Gable and one Franchot Tone. Van Johnson was worrying his way through Fifth Grade, Lana Turner was in



kindergarten, and Elizabeth Taylor was still being planned by the angels.

Nineteen years later, most of the film greats of that era are retired—and glad of it—and a new crop of hopefuls is attaining movie fame. Among the enthusiastic, vital, far-sighted younger group is that New Career Girl, Loretta Young!

One of the great forces with which a motion picture star must do battle, after she has attained outstanding success and held it for a number of years, is boredom. Don't gasp at the idea! Acting is, after all, like every other job in the world: it is daily work which is inclined to settle into the rut of routine. Of course, each picture presents certain different approaches, just as each day presents new problems to those employed in other fields. A friend once said to Loretta, "I don't know how you could ever consider your work ordi- (Please turn to page 69)

Fragile as a flower, Loretta really packs a wallop with her stamina and strength of character which have carried her from Glamor Girl rating into the ranks of great actresses. With "The Farmer's Daughter" and "The Bishop's Wife" to her credit, she's now starring in "Rachel," in which she plays a pioneer woman. Scenes above and on facing page show her with Robert Mitchum and William Holden, her co-stars.

Hollywood's most
beautiful new bride
here tells her
romantic love story

Wedding Bells



By Alice L. Tildesley

for Janis



Photos by Floyd McCarty, Warner Bros.



DAY before her wedding, Janis Paige gave us an exclusive closeup of the Ideal Bride. Her green eyes had little yellow sparks in them, her lips kept curving into smiles, she was so happy she couldn't keep still. Take it from Janis, she is marrying the finest, best-looking, most wonderful man in the world; she has the most gorgeous wedding gown ever designed; the simplest, sweetest little church for the ceremony; the loveliest trousseau; the prettiest ring; her silver and wedding gifts are beyond compare. Never, since time was, has a bride been so blessed! The superlatives are all Janis'. There isn't a cloud in her sky.

She sat there, fondling the small white

prayer book she was to carry, exuding joy from the top of her red curls to the tips of her shining sandals. She would, she said, have tiny streamers of white ribbon, with little bows on them, dangling from the book. White baby orchids would be caught here and there. Janis isn't an orchid girl; maybe they'd better be tiny white roses or orange blossoms? —the florist thought baby orchids—all right, then, baby orchids! She was too happy to care.

When Janis, the next day, said "I do!" to Frank Martinelli, Jr., she wore, as she's always dreamed, white satin and veil. "It's my first wedding. My only one, I hope! I (Please turn to page 64)



Janis' gown of oyster white satin was a gift from her big boss, Jack L. Warner. Designed by Travilla, of the Warner Studio (above), the dress is ballerina-length, with a meline yoke fastened to a bias roll that gives an off-the-shoulder effect. Left, the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martinelli, Jr., just after their wedding. Top, "Something blue, something new" —Mrs. Emma Clark, Janis' studio seamstress, presents a blue garter and lace-bordered handkerchief to happy bride.

Smart girls like Marilyn Maxwell meet April's drizzle in smart attire. Here she is wearing a beige satin coat from Aquatogs. Sizes 10-18 at Blum Store, Phila.

If you



Marilyn chooses a two-piece worsted rayon suit from Ciro Sportswear. Features a new cummerbund waist, full skirt and bolero. At Ungar's in Portland, Oregon.

By Mary Ellen Martin

want to look smart

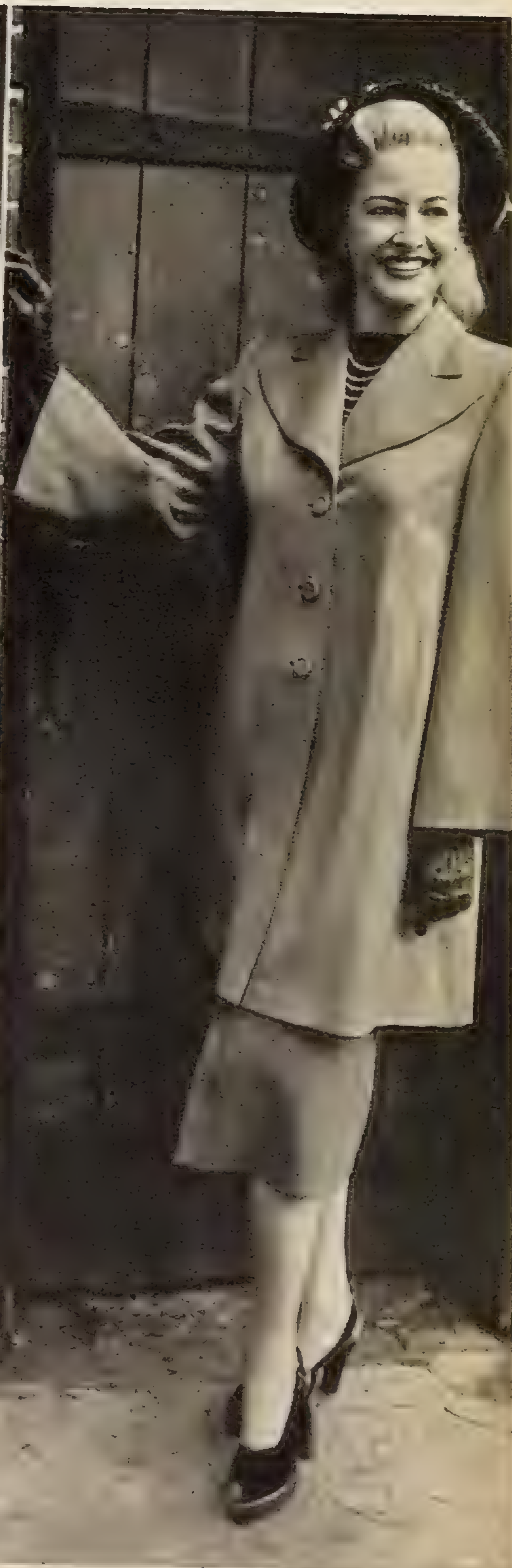
Look your best at all times, cautions Marilyn Maxwell, who is starring in MGM's "Summer Holiday"



To look chipper on the job, here's Marilyn in a two-piece striped silk with full-length sleeves. From Surrey Classics, 10-18 at Franklin Simon in New York.



Be pretty in cotton. This one is a pale blue pique with white scalloped collar and fuller-than-full skirt. From Surrey; you'll find it at B. Altman, New York.



To top off everything, here's a bright red Pamisheen gabardine topper—comes in other colors, too. A Marki Original, in sizes 10-18 at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis.

Write to the manufacturers listed on page 63 for name of the store nearest you.



Première of "The Paradine Case" assembles celebrities. Above, Hedy Lamarr and William Wilder.



The Louis Jourdans at showing of his first Hollywood film. Below, John Dall and Margaret Whiting.



IN "Strange Meeting" there's a scene on the subway stairs where a salty sailor passes Bette Davis. Look closely, because it's the one and only screen appearance of Bette's husband. It was Navy Day, so as a gag Bill Sherry donned his old uniform and wore it to the studio. Bette didn't know he was there until she looked up and saw him in the group of extras. She got even by having the prop man anchor Bill's sea bag with iron weights!

IT WASN'T easy for Anne Baxter to play the sloppy *Sophie* in "Razor's Edge." Day after day she had to appear

on the set without makeup and her hair uncombed. She was also overweight. Tyrone Power admired her the more for her courage. And when he saw what a slender beauty Anne is these days, Ty lost no time in suggesting her for "Black Magic." It's the romantic lead, and no one looks more romantic than the new Baxter.

HOW WOULD you like to have Larry Parks for a husband? (As if we didn't know!) When he had to arise at 4:45 A.M. and drive sixty miles to the "Gallant Blade" location, his wife, Betty Garrett, always got up and fixed coffee. Larry begged her not to. When she persisted, he locked her bedroom door so she couldn't get out. Betty needed no further discouragement.

BEHIND the scenes in Hollywood: Humphrey Bogart lying on a couch between shots on the "Key Largo" set. Lauren Bacall holding an ice bag next to his badly impacted wisdom tooth. Director John Huston calls them before the camera. They do a love scene that fairly sizzles. Huston smiles his satisfaction—yells "print it." Bogart drags back to the couch again. Baby Bacall applies the ice bag. Cut.

BY NO means could you call Bill Holden, an old-timer. Still, when he first made "Golden Boy," Jeanne Crain was in grammar school and sending him fan letters! Now they're co-starring in "Apartment for Peggy" at 20th Century-Fox, where Bill is on loanout. Jeanne never did get her autographed photograph. As Bill explained: "In those days I couldn't afford to send them." He doesn't know it yet, but as a gag Jeanne is writing him another request letter!

ON HER day off, the shy Jean Arthur, who returns to the screen in "A Foreign Affair," comes to the studio to watch the love scenes between Marlene Dietrich and John Lund. Jean acts for all the world like a wide-eyed tourist. Speaking of Dietrich, she's playing with dolls again! That is, the bedraggled rag doll, that was first used way back in "The Blue Angel," always appears once in all her pictures. It's Marlene's good luck mascot, and she wouldn't appear without it.

BEING a star, Mark Stevens naturally had a dressing-room trailer when they shot those city slum scenes for "The Street with No Name." Richard Widmark (the vicious gangster in "Kiss of Death") not being a star (yet!) *didn't* have a dressing room. Mark hasn't forgotten his early days at Warner Bros. when he had to change clothes in the men's washroom. He insisted that Richard "move in" until they went back to work at the studio again.

IT WAS a big night for Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens. For the first time they ran the movies they made while

Gossip by Weston East

attending the "Command Performance" in London. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas—he's the British star who makes his American debut opposite Alexis in "The Decision of Christopher Blake." Alexis turned off the lights. Craig started the film. The photography was perfect—except everyone had his head cut off! The rest of the evening was spent "identifying the bodies!"

THAT fortune teller evidently knew her crystal ball when she told Helmut Dantine to be prepared for "changes." A few weeks later he married Charlene Wrightsman, beautiful and popular young oil heiress. Just before the holidays Helmut finally managed to bring his mother and brother over from Europe. He bought them a home in Pasadena and just as soon as he decides which contract to sign, his happiness will be complete. Both RKO and Universal-International have made him offers.

SO HELP us, we saw it with our own eyes. Errol Flynn landing in his own front yard in a helicopter! And as if the shock of that wasn't enough, he nonchalantly climbed out wearing his black silk tights and a jade green jacket from "Don Juan." Keeping a straight face, he cracked: "Just a business man rushing home to have lunch with the little woman."

FOR THE fourth consecutive year motion picture exhibitors named Bing Crosby as the player who makes them the most money. Betty Grable was second, Ingrid Bergman third, and Gary Cooper (named as the most uncooperative actor by the Hollywood Women's Press Club) was number four on the list. When Bob Hope heard about the deserving Bing, he cracked: "And he owes it all to Dotty Lamour and me."

FOR A hot moment there, we thought Garbo was back on the MGM lot! The "Big City" set was closed tighter than the proverbial tick. Even members of the cast who weren't working that day were barred. History, very painful history, was being made. Margaret O'Brien was kissing a boy for the first time in her life. The boy was Butch Jenkins, and it was his first kiss, too. They did it—but no one could make 'em like it.

THERE is positively no romance between Ann Sothorn and Jim Davis. (He gets his break opposite Bette Davis in "Strange Meeting.") Ann knew Jim on the MGM lot when he played in one of her "Maisie" pictures. They are just friends, as are those other Hollywood bachelors who like their ladies Sothorn style. However, with a little encouragement on Ann's part, there's an attractive young man in San Francisco who'd love to live in Hollywood! He's from an old Bay City family and eligible in every way. For the next year, Ann's concentrating on her new home and career—at least until her divorce from Robert Sterling is final.

Photos by Len Weissman



Month's best beau is Peter Lawford, above with Ava Gardner and at right with Marion Marshall dancing at Ciro's. MGM is looking for bigger and better rôles for Pete. Below, the seldom photographed Dorothy McGuire at "The Paradine Case" opening in Hollywood with husband John Swope.



Here's Hollywood

Picture of the
month for its smooth
direction by the
master of suspense,
Alfred Hitchcock,
and its superlative
performances
by an all-star cast

screenland salutes "the paradine case"



David O. Selznick does it again! In this ace producer's customary lavish manner the story of a beautiful woman (Valli) on trial for murder, defended by a brilliant barrister (Gregory Peck) who falls under her spell, unfolds with dramatic impact and authority. "The Paradine Case" presents two important new stars: gorgeous Valli, dark and handsome Louis Jourdan; Gregory Peck in another fine portrayal, and a newcomer, Joan Tetzel, center right above, a "young Hepburn" appeal and promise. But for sheer brilliance and artistry, it's Ann Todd, as Peck's devoted wife, who will linger in movie-goers' memories for her tender, touching performance in a most difficult rôle. Below, highlight scenes also include Charles Laughton, center, in a clever performance as the gross, sadistic judge.



FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record



Marilyn Maxwell comes on like a Spring breeze on Fred's WOV program, replete with a reet beat and an extra treat for the listeners—a "Happy Birthday" duet. Were you listening?

Re: aristocratic arrangements of matchless melodies

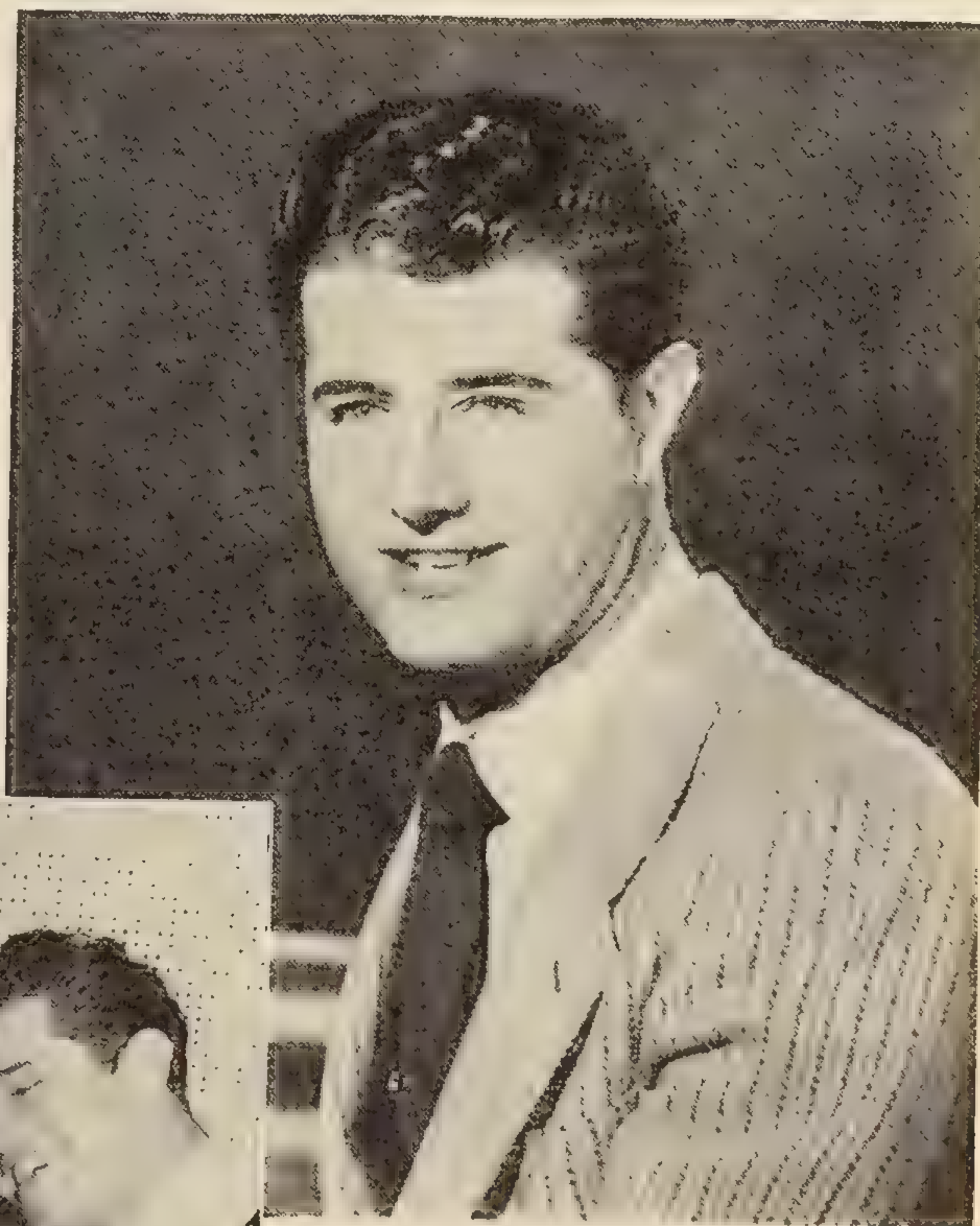
and enticing slicings of the jump dump,

Fred Robbins is nobody's chump

HYA, Max! Is it balm your ear lacks? Well, let's fill it with wax, 'cause we've got it in packs.

And I'm not just droolin' with April foolin', 'cause to munch my molars about all the new cookies would take all these pretty SCREENLAND leaves. *Mais oui*, the ever-lovin' oven is bubbling with crushed black dumplings, ban to the the contrary. Mary, 'cause all the wax works have stashed at least a two-year supply apiece. Which means you'll be getting your fresh shellac as regularly as your monthly SCREENLAND, for at least that time, if the ban lasts that long, though very few expect it will. Songs have already been etched from movies that won't be released until 1949 and from musical comedies that won't be produced until then. So when MGM bangs you on the head with its colossal star-studded strip of celluloid with oodles of beautiful chicks and scads of tunes you'll be whistlin' and hummin', you can bet your gold inlay that Frankie and Perry have already recorded 'em. Tho you won't hear 'em till the picture comes out. So don't fret. Yvette, records (*Please turn to page 75*)

**By
Fred
Robbins**



Phil Silvers grins with glee over his part in the "High Button Shoes" album, when he falls in for a visit to "Robbins' Nest." For info on record agenda, ask Fred; watch for answer in SCREENLAND.



First scenes from important forthcoming films show Linda Darnell and Kirk Douglas, left above, in "The Walls of Jericho"; Maureen O'Hara and Robert Young, right, in "Sitting Pretty."



"Deep Water," filmed on location in Maine, stars Dana Andrews as a rugged fisherman, Cesar Romero as his pal, and seductive Jean Peters as a village girl, working her wiles on Dana, right above.



New Dutch actress, Joanne de Bergh, appears opposite Richard Conte, left above, in sensational new drama, "Call Northside 777." Peggy Cummins and Rex Harrison co-star in "Escape," right, filmed in England.



PHOTO PREVIEWS

PHOTO PREVIEWS

Clifton Webb as a baby-sitter supplies the comedy in 20th Century-Fox's "Sitting Pretty," aided by the inimitable Richard Haydn, left above.



PHOTO PREVIEWS

PHOTO PREVIEWS



evenly, "we'll drop her out the bomb-bays."

Pete caught her and pulled her back, his head twisting to avoid her frenzied blows. "You wanna spray them pretty corpuscles all over this terrain?" he jibed.

"Listen," the girl made another desperate attempt. "You were hired by Mr. Maris—"

"Sure," Larry's eyes kept looking dead ahead. "We were hired to leave promptly at six. We were also hired as fliers, not clay pigeons. Look, secretary, I have a feeling you're without a job. Those shots we heard were police bullets."

"How," her voice broke a little as he turned and stared at her, "how do you know it was the police?"

"By the look in your eyes," he said tersely.

She kept quiet for a while after that. Then Larry heard her talking to Mike. She seemed almost like any other pretty girl then, with the insolence gone from her voice. She told Mike her name, Susan Cleaver, and as he repeated it, it sounded like music on his lips.

Diana Lynn and escort Norman Miller find their seats at premiere, below. Left, Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer, still a romantic item.
Len Weissman photos

Fictionization of "Saigon"

Continued from page 34

He whistled then looking at the DC-3 waiting on the field. "Take a look at that old army job," he said.

Mike's eyes squinted against the bright light of the setting sun. "Looks more like two or three army jobs, stuck together!"

Pete shook his head skeptically. "I'm beginning to catch on why the ten grand," he said. "And this field, Skipper! In the Bronx we got bigger yards. How do you guys feel about it? Do we take her up?"

"For ten grand?" Larry grinned. "And nobody shooting at us?" His frown came then glancing at his watch. "He said six o'clock. How long does he think the light's going to last?"

Almost as if in answer to his question there was the sound of underbrush crackling under wheels and a car swung into view. But it wasn't Maris who alighted. It was a girl, small and blonde and incredibly lovely.

"What d'you know?" Mike stared entranced. "A mouse!"

Larry's scowl deepened as he hurried over to her. For from the beginning there was that antagonism between them.

"My bags," the girl motioned toward the small pile of luggage.

Larry hesitated. Then he picked them up. "Where's Mr. Maris?" he demanded.

"He'll be here," the girl said coolly, her hold tightening on the briefcase she was carrying. "I'm his secretary. Is the plane ready to go?" And then as Larry nodded, trying to check his rising fury, she went on in her cool, almost insolent voice. "That's all you need to be concerned about. We wait."

"That's fine, fine," Larry felt his fists clenching. "Now suppose you order the daylight to wait. We won't get over those trees in the dark."

She opened her purse displaying a roll

of crisp bills. "Will this make waiting easier?" she asked. But as he reached for them, she snapped the bag closed again. "When we reach Saigon. That was the deal, I believe."

Pete shook his head in mock concern. "A disillusioned mouse," he clicked his teeth. "Somebody's shattered her faith in men."

"They bark a lot," Mike said suddenly. "But they don't bite."

That was the first hint they had that Mike felt differently about her than they did. That he looked beyond her coolness and insolence and saw something they didn't. But there wasn't time to think of that. For suddenly there was the sound of an approaching car, and immediately afterwards those other sounds came. Sinister sound, sounds they had reason to know well.

"Get in that plane!" Larry shouted.

"Wait!" The girl was shocked out of her coolness as Mike and Pete obeyed his orders. "Please! Wait for him! I'll make it fifteen thousand."

"No, thanks," Larry made a flying leap into the plane. "We're a little tired of bullets." Then as she made that sudden move toward the plane he reached down and pulled her in.

"But you can't!" she cried as the door slammed shut and he raced for the pilot's seat. "I won't let you. You've got to wait for him!"

"If I want you, Miss Secretary, I'll buzz," Larry made a grab for the controls, his jaw tensing as he ran the plane down the all too short field. There was that sick feeling in his stomach as the plane lurched brushing over the tree tops. But even before he cleared them he felt the sharp tattoo of her fists on his back. "Tell her if she doesn't stop," he said



It worried Larry for a minute before he realized he wouldn't have to worry about the sort of girl Mike fell for. Not any more. Then he forgot all about her, for with Pete taking out his accordion and beginning to play it was almost like the nights when they'd come roaring back from their target.

"It's sweet to be in the air again," Larry said suddenly. "No bombs, no ack-ack, no kamikazies."

"Only I'm hungry," Susan sighed.

Larry's dislike for her crawled in his short laugh. "There are a lot of people who don't know what it's like to miss a meal. Does their souls good to find out."

"I've missed meals," she said. "It didn't do me any good."

Mike moved closer to her and for a moment it almost looked as if he were going to take her in his arms. Then he tensed as that break came in the rhythmic sound of the engines and he hurried to the co-pilot's seat beside Larry. Almost instantly there was that sputtering sound. Then silence. It was worse than the sputtering had been.

"There goes the other one," Larry said

grimly. He glanced down at the land under him faintly discernible in the light of the rising sun. It was a farm freshly plowed and furrowed. "I'm going to try a belly landing, no wheels or we'll nose over. Sit down and hold tight."

The plane began diving. Water and mud smacked against the windshield and it seasawed violently until it steadied at last. It was minutes before any of them could speak.

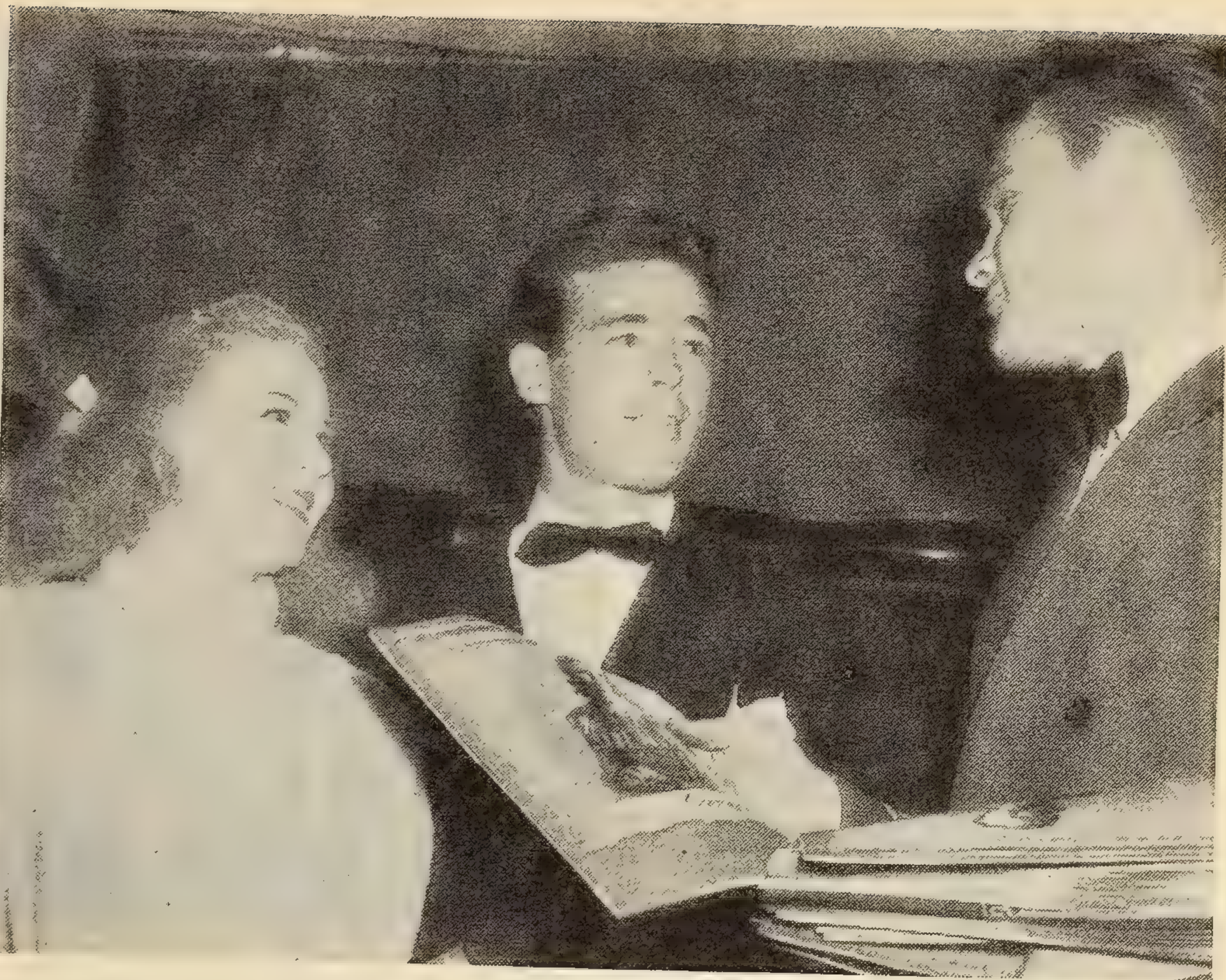
"End of the line. All out!" Larry called.

Susan stood there staring down. "In that mud?" she asked.

"Maybe you'd like me to spread my satin cloak?" Larry said lifting her forcibly. She shrank from his touch, and for the first time his smile came. "For this I should have asked for more than ten thousand dollars," he said.

Some natives came, gesticulating and chattering in their strange tongue, and it didn't make Larry feel any easier hearing Susan talk to them in their own lingo, especially when the one word he recognized was *Saigon*.

Première date for Guy Madison and Judy Clark; below, Tom Lewis and wife Loretta Young, at opening of "The Bishop's Wife."



"What did you say to them?" he demanded gruffly.

"I asked them for food. I'm hungry."

"You mentioned Saigon."

"I asked how far away it was." Her eyes turned away from his scrutiny. "It's one day by ox cart. Then overnight by riverboat." She managed to smile then. "They're going to give us something to eat," she said.

Maybe she was really hungry. At any rate, she ate of the food in the native hut as a hungry child would eat, without attempting to conceal her enjoyment. Larry wasn't convinced, but he waited until Mike went out to see about the ox cart for their journey before he did anything about it.

"Well, Miss Cleaver," he said, "this has been a happy business relationship and I'm sorry it has to end. The fares, please. *Ten thousand dollars.*"

"You didn't fulfil the bargain," she said, betraying her fear in the frenzied way she held on to her bag. "You didn't wait for Mr. Maris."

There wasn't time to play. With a sudden gesture Larry reached out and

wrenched the bag away from her and her eyes flashed her hatred of him as he took out the crisp roll of currency.

Mike came back then and he must have sensed something was wrong, for as he went over to Susan his eyes refused to meet Larry's. And in that moment Larry knew he would have to worry after all about the sort of girl Mike fell in love with. For loving a girl like Susan he was sure to get hurt and there wasn't enough time left for him to get over things. He'd have to watch his step after this, Larry told himself, so Mike would never know the kind of girl he'd fallen for.

It was dusk when they reached the small dirty river town, and as the boat for Saigon was not leaving until morning they went on to the shabby hotel to which a policeman directed them. Only then did they realize how suspiciously strangers were regarded in postwar Indo-China. For as they came up to the desk to register Lt. Keon of the Regional Police was already there waiting. And there was something in his penetrating glance which convinced Larry he had been waiting for them.

"Ah, Americans," he said casually but Larry didn't miss the Eurasian's quick appraisal or the way his eyes lingered on Susan's briefcase. "You have passports, of course?" And then as Larry began digging in his pocket for them, his genial gesture not to bother wasn't at all reassuring, nor was his voice, which Larry would have given odds wasn't half as lazy as it sounded. "No, it won't be necessary," he said. "You are visitors. The routine police cards will be quite sufficient. And now if you will forgive me, I must go. But it is not impossible we will be meeting again. Such a small community."

It was after they'd gone to the room they had been given across the hall from Susan's, that they took their first look at the questionnaire.

"Hmmm!" Mike grinned. "Kind of personal questions."

"Yeah," Pete rubbed his jaw thought-

fully. "I'd like to get a gander at the mouse's card."

Mike's blue eyes froze. "If I hear you say mouse just once more!" he exploded. "Her name is Susan. Is that so difficult to remember?"

He walked into the bathroom slamming the door behind him, and Pete shook his head. "It goes deeper and deeper," he said.

"I know," Larry nodded glumly. "A dame we don't know, bullets, cops—" Suddenly he started for the door. "If Mike asks where I am, tell him I'm ordering dinner."

Pete shot him a quizzical glance. "Where are *you* going?"

"The time has come," Larry said softly, "for the mouse and I to talk of many things." And his grin was gone as he closed the door behind him. He had to knock three times before Susan answered, and as he walked into her room he was certain he knew the reason for the delay when he saw the briefcase not quite hidden behind the pillow where she had thrust it.

"I see you've made out your police card," he said, going over to the table on which it was lying. "Susan Angela Cleaver—pretty name." He gave her a long look. "Real?" he asked.

Her eyes looked bluer when she was mad. "I've been trying to think what you remind me of," she blazed. "It's a cobra that got in my room once in Taku Baru."

Larry didn't even look up from the card. "Born in Minneapolis," he went on conversationally. "You're a long way from home. And without much money, either! Tsk, tsk! Only seventy-eight dollars."

Suddenly, before she realized what he was doing, he went to the couch and pulled out the briefcase from its hiding place, fighting off her desperate attempts to regain it as he opened it. "Seventy-eight dollars," he repeated, staring down at the stacks of paper money. "Where did you learn to add?"

She looked as startled as he did staring

at that hidden money. "I didn't know what was in there," she gasped. "I was only told it was important."

She certainly was a good actress. He had to hand her that.

"Sure, sure," he jibed. "Look, Susie, I don't know what business you're in. But apparently you do well at it. Except for little mistakes like dragging *us* in. That wasn't very smart. So I'm saying good-bye now for the three of us. You're leaving as of immediately, unless you'd prefer to travel with Lt. Keon."

"But where can I go, this time of the night?"

"The boat's in," he said. "You're getting on it tonight. I'll see that *we* head in another direction." And throwing the case back on the bed he stalked out of the room.

But it wasn't that easy. He knew that when he saw Mike's despair when the room clerk told them she had left. At first he and Pete thought they could kid him out of it. But after they'd been through the motions of going from one place to another searching for her they knew that wasn't any good.

"Mike," Larry finally said as they



were having a last drink in the hotel bar. "You met a girl yesterday, she took a walk. I knew a girl two years." He paused, feeling the hurt he had never been able to push far enough down in his heart so that he wouldn't feel it any more after the letter had come to the base that day. "You get over those things," he said.

"Did you, Larry?" Mike asked quietly. He pressed his hand against his forehead as if he were in pain. "I'm tired. I'll see you upstairs."

Larry had hoped he'd never see her again but there was a sense of relief when he found her on the river boat. The old mistrust of her stuck in his throat as she opened her cabin door but he forced himself to sound friendly as he spoke. "I came to apologize," he said.

Her face flushed. "Now isn't that cute!" she blazed. "The sensitive little fellow is sorry he's a snake."

"Look, baby," he lit a cigarette. "I don't apologize easy, and you're not helping. We miss you. Especially Mike. He's very fond of you."



Jane Wyman plays a deaf mute in Warners' "Johnny Belinda," with Lew Ayres as the doctor who loves her but can't cure her. At left, Jane with puppy mascot of set.

"Odd, isn't it?" She stood there holding the door open. "Good night, Major," she said pointedly.

"But I'm not finished yet," he said, the steel back in his voice. "I'm thinking of the money you declared on your police card. You wouldn't want them to know how poor you are at arithmetic, would you?"

She shut the door before she answered. "What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"I told you, Mike values your companionship. I'd like him to have it."

Her head lifted. "You move me deeply," she said icily. "But the war is over. If I concerned myself with every maladjusted G.I.—"

Larry grasped her arm so suddenly she almost fell. "One more word, baby," he threatened, "and I'll slap some delicacy in you." He released her then, for there was something in her eyes that told him he had won. "We'll see you in the morning," he said from the doorway.

But it was worth it at that, hearing Mike's eager shout when he saw her on deck as they boarded the ship. Only Larry wasn't quite as relieved to see that Lt. Keon was going to be a passenger, too.

"Ah, how charming," the Eurasian greeted them in his usual affable manner. "I had resigned myself to a lonely trip. Now I find friends. And oh, Miss Cleaver, I was rather amazed that a young lady of your type allowed herself only seventy-eight dollars for travelling expenses."

Susan's smile looked as if it were pinned on her mouth. "My employer, Mr. Maris, will have money waiting for me in Saigon," she said. "I'm his secretary."

"Mr. Alex Maris?" Keon's eyebrow lifted. And as she nodded, "How very interesting! Even in Saigon we've heard of him, his many enterprises. Especially with the Japanese. During the war, I mean of course."



His voice only corroborated the uneasiness Larry was already feeling about Maris. He knew he would have to get that briefcase now before Keon found it. But he waited until the others went into the bar before he hurried down to Susan's cabin and taking the briefcase, hurriedly wrapped it and addressed it to himself at General Delivery, Saigon. Then slipping it into the mailbag just about to be carried ashore he rejoined the others.

It was a few minutes later that Mike suddenly staggered and fell. They had been warned that this would happen, that Mike would have a few attacks like this before the end. But it didn't help being forewarned.

There was a doctor on board and Mike regained consciousness quickly. But that didn't help either, knowing that during the third or maybe the fourth attack Mike would never wake up again.

It was then, when Larry was already so low that he knew he couldn't feel worse even at the end, that the mouse decided to squeak. He knew he was in for it when he saw her face as she hurried over to the rail where he was standing.



Dennis Morgan takes Joanie Wayne for a ride on "To the Victor" set. Right, scene still with co-star Viveca Lindfors, Swedish actress.

"You thief!" she said in a shaking voice. "Where is it?"

"Where the shamus won't find it," he muttered. "And lower your voice."

"The money isn't mine or yours," she persisted. "I want it back!"

"I was lucky to get there before Keon. So were you. It saved you from the clink. And if you're a good girl and do as you're told, you'll get it back."

Suddenly, almost as if it were a compulsion, her hand reached out and slapped against his cheek. It dazed him, so that for a moment he could only stand there staring at her.

"I wouldn't do that too often," he said, turning to go. But before he could move away the cabin door opened and the doctor stood there. "Oh, Major, I've been looking for you," he said. "You ought to take the young man, Captain Perry, home as soon as you can. Every man prefers to die at home."

Larry nodded, waiting until the man had gone on before he turned to Susan. "You say one word to that kid," he said. "And that money—"

"Shut up!" Her voice was sharp but he was amazed to see tears in her eyes. She looked at him blindly, then suddenly she was running down the deck away from him.

She certainly tried to make it up to Mike. Larry had to give her credit for that. It was as if she too were trying to crowd everything she could into the little time he had left. Even when they reached Saigon and discovered that Keon had stationed himself at their hotel she didn't seem as concerned for her own danger as she was for Mike's welfare.

It was hard to hold on to his mistrust after that, and when she asked Larry to dance with her on the hotel terrace after dinner, he found himself almost enjoying the sensation of holding her in his arms.

"There's something I've got to tell

you," she said, guiding him to a deserted part of the terrace. "It's about Mike. It's not fair to him, a sweet unspoiled kid, like that. He deserves somebody as nice as he is."

"He prefers you," Larry said.

Susan stiffened in his arms. "That's because he doesn't know what I'm like," she whispered. And then as he didn't answer, suddenly her arms reached up, pulling his head down until her lips reached his. There was that agonizing feeling shooting through him then, that feeling half pain, half joy. "That's what I'm like," she said then. "I'm not like Mike. I'm like you. We've both been kicked around. We're both—"

She didn't go on. She couldn't, not with his lips suddenly, uncontrollably fastening themselves on hers again until he remembered and pushed her away. And as he stalked away he didn't know which of them he hated most, Susan or himself.

He didn't go back to the table. He couldn't. He told himself he never wanted to see her again as he paced up and down the garden, and then suddenly he found himself going into the hotel and passing her room just to be near her. He wouldn't



have gone in even then if he hadn't heard the voices inside, but one of them was Maris'.

The old hatred came back as Larry opened the door and saw her there with the man he had mistrusted even before Keon's interest in his affairs showed him for the collaborator he was.

"Why, Major," Maris smiled as he came in, though Simon, on guard as always, glared at him furiously. "We were just talking about you. There seems to be a mystery about a missing briefcase and the half a million dollars that was in it. I wonder what you can tell me about it?"

Larry was looking straight at Maris so he didn't see Susan's warning glance. "You don't have to worry about it," he said. "The money's in a safe place. But getting it is something else again." Simon made a quick move behind him then and he felt the gun prodding his back. "Look, aren't we a little old to play cops and robbers?" he asked mockingly.

Maris ignored the quip. "Simon," his voice sounded almost bored. "If Major Briggs doesn't mind, I think we'll visit him in his room." As the bodyguard

forced Larry toward the long window opening on the balcony, he followed debonairly.

Larry hadn't known what to expect. But it couldn't have been as bad as the agony that came when Simon hit against his ribs with the flat of his gun, knocking him down. The fifth time it happened there was a sudden, frenzied knock on the door and Susan was there.

"Don't!" she cried. "I can get the money for you without this kind of mess. Captain Perry is dying. He doesn't know it. Major Briggs is holding the money to insure my being nice to him until he dies. He only has a month or two and—"

"I don't choose to wait a month or two," Maris' voice came as easily as ever. "But it won't be necessary. I'm sure the Major's young friend wouldn't want his attentions forced on Miss Cleaver, especially if he knew he were dying."

Larry had hated her before, but never as he did now, with his very sinews and bones hating her. "The money is at the post office," he said. "It's addressed to me personally, so I have to call for it. And I will in the morning."

"In that case," Maris smiled, "Simon and I will sit up with you until it opens."

"And I," Susan yawned a little, "will go to sleep with the wonderful thought that I don't have to look forward to weeks of holding the infant's hot little hand. Good night, everybody."

He had thought he had hated her to the utmost before. But now he found he could hate even more. It was like a live thing in his blood as he waited trying to shut the purring sound of Maris' oily voice out of his ears. Hating him too, but not as much as he hated Susan.

Suddenly, just as the first light streaked across the sky, he made that sudden desperate leap at Simon, knocking him down and wresting the gun from his hand. But before he could turn there was the sound of the door opening and Susan stood there holding the briefcase.

"I have your money, Alex," she said, and as he stared at her, motioning her to leave, his face turned a sickly white as he saw Keon standing in the door behind her. "Thank him, Alex," Susan said. "He was kind enough to have the Post Office opened for me."

"You blonde Judas!" Maris sputtered, and it was then Larry saw Simon draw another gun from his pocket as his master made a break for freedom.

The first shot directed at Keon went wild. But the second was more deadly. For though it didn't reach Larry, who had been its target, it hit as sure a one when Mike appearing suddenly in the window threw himself at the hand holding the gun. But it wasn't until Mike crumpled on the floor that Larry realized he had stopped the bullet intended for him.

There were other shots after that but Larry was hardly conscious of them kneeling there beside Mike. He didn't even know Keon had come back into the room until he spoke. "It seems we both misjudged her, Briggs," he said, and as Larry looked up he saw Susan standing there.

And it was only as she reached down and touched his arm that some of the agony he was feeling began slowly draining out of his heart.

Valli the Unvanquished

Continued from page 37

she had to herself before tackling the lead in "The Miracle of the Bells." We can credit David O. Selznick for putting this new look among our top feminine faces. He brought Vivien Leigh from England and Ingrid Berman from Sweden. Casting about for a successor to them on his lot, he chose the first lady of the Italian screen. But how a G.I. stationed in Italy after the war first recommended her to Hollywood, and some details of her courageous life, deserve accurate relating, too.

In person Valli is a beauty with a real heart, a gentle softness. Although she has starred in thirty-four Italian films, she doesn't resort to pose or temperament. Her delightful simplicity is in striking contrast to the overabundance of ego and adoption of artificial standards that are all too often the other side of success. It goes deeper than well-bred manners. She has true valor rather than ruthlessness, and it has taken her to the same heights the hard-boiled have hacked toward. Her humility has a sparkle, because she has an infectious humor. I'd say, however, that the most surprising thing of all about her is that she is a fabulous friend when you get to know her well. Virtues such as unwavering loyalty and an intensely democratic concern for others, whatever their position, are part of Alida. I may as well break down at this point and tell you that she *has* a first name, Alida.

To thoroughly appreciate her rapid advancement to our requirements, you must catch up on her past. I've learned about it bit by bit from her. She was born in Pola, a bustling port South-East across the blue Adriatic Sea from Venice. Her face has always instinctively looked Westward, first to the remaining glories Venice meant to her as a very little girl. Her childhood was happy. And progressive. "It seems I have counted on moving to better opportunities," she says reminiscing. When she was eight she was enrolled in a girls' school in Como, at the foot of the towering Alps. Her father had become a learned professor of philosophy at the time-honored University of Milan, and this only child of an intellectually keen couple alertly absorbed rays of their liberal wisdom. She was reared to rate self-respect above all else, to worship knowledge and seek right proportions in her life. A passion for beauty in all its forms was an extra bequest, a racial inheritance.

At fifteen she was allowed to leave home to be formally enrolled for the study of film acting in Rome. "It is smart for parents to let you try your wings as soon as possible," she says. Especially when they have prepared a girl with character. Her budding prettiness alone wasn't sufficient excuse for a screen career to her parents; her vivid imagination and sensitiveness to the ways of others fitted her for the gamble in their estimation. So she was sent to the Motion Picture Academy in the capital, a first-class training school without parallel in America. A year of industrious application there and she secured a test which was so

chockful of the promise of dramatic skill she was able to make her film debut in a leading rôle. Less than a year later, at seventeen, she signed a long-term contract as a full-fledged star.

"An Italian movie star is unlike an American favorite in many ways," Valli recounts. "We have our bobby-soxers who sometimes tear at our clothes and try to snip our hair when we make advertised personal appearances. But we do not begin to have the all-around spotlighting of Hollywood. In Italy we are nine-tenths of the time just like stage stars. We do our acting in a studio instead of in a theater, and then we dismiss it and drop into the metropolitan mood of Rome. We are not conspicuous; we do not have to live up to any exaggerations. I have made these informal photographs of my new Hollywood home exclusively for your SCREENLAND Magazine, and gladly, Ben. I hope they will make your article more interesting. It is something new for me; in Italy where and how we lived was a minor matter. We do not have requests to show our homes and families. I had an apartment in Rome, comfortable, but not a 'background.' We are none of us beauty contest winners in Italy, so becoming aware of my face and hair all the time is a new task for me, too. Back in Rome we are not expected to be fashion plates. I haven't tried to buy a spectacular wardrobe or sensational jewels because those off-screen luxuries do not particularly appeal to me." Dressing with a quiet, unostentatious smartness suits her exactly, I can add from where I look!

As *Maddelena Paradine*, Valli's initial appearance on our screens is as a classic beauty, steeped in a worldly London allure. Men are her destiny. "Being a—how do you say?—'fatal woman' was acting for me," she'll tell you frankly. "Such sophistication is not in my character." But neither was her final rôle before the cameras in Rome like her real self; it demanded that she portray an ugly old

maid who, pathetically, never did get her man. Plenty of makeup and her acting technique turned that trick! Switching subsequently here into the part of *Olga Treski*, the poor girl from the Pennsylvania mining village whose purity causes a miracle, in "The Miracle of the Bells," was her second American challenge. She had to learn a polish accent for it. Our Hollywood girls envy Valli's Italian career because there she was permitted a wide range that developed her as an artist; she wasn't typed as an ingénue when she began nor held down to a static personality. Box-office safety isn't the first thought in Italy. Luckily it was Selznick who got her, because he is one of our persistent trail blazers. Realizing she was far more than Europe's most beautiful actress, he has vowed she'll have undiminished scope here.

"We do not have your wonderful studio facilities or big production budgets," she points out. "Our Italian films are made in a month, or six weeks at the most. I've spent more than three times as much time on my first two pictures here. Of course one nice thing about Italy is that I worked only six or seven months out of the year and had the rest of the time all to myself. I hate rush. That's why I haven't attempted to dash about Hollywood while working."

Becoming Italy's best romantic actress at twenty-one was a tribute to her willingness to work painstakingly. (Valli won the equivalent to our Hollywood Oscar at that age for her brilliant performance in "Piccolo Mondo Antico." What a gala evening that was at the Venice Festival of 1941!) She scored in ten strong films between then and June, 1943, when her studio was forced to suspend its activities due to the political situation. Rome suffered occupation by the Germans and she was asked, quite officially by the Nazis, to join the reinstated Fascist Party and to make propaganda films. She declined. After repeated demands the pressure grew so great she went into hiding with friends. The German-owned film company then dominating movie production in occupied Paris had word conveyed to her that she would be more than welcome to a contract



Bogey gives his all (or so it would seem!) on radio broadcast with Al Jolson.

there. Her message in reply was a refusal, her grounds being that she no longer wanted to continue as an actress.

She was put on the list of important people in Italy to be liquidated by the Germans. "I have found out who my faithful friends are. It was a terrible, yet wonderful period 'underground.' A small group, eighteen of us, so close, so fortunate, lived in four drab houses in Rome for almost a year. Only four were connected with movies—there was another actress, and a director and his wife. We were from all walks of life. But I've never gone only with film people. We were on the edge of the grimmest realities. We couldn't step out daytimes for fear of being recognized."

It was two-thirds of the path through this desperate maze, while furiously as-

Below, George Reeves and Veronica Lake team for NBC show. Right, Joan Caulfield and Lamont Johnson, snapped during dramatic radio play.



sisting her countrymen in every way, that despite all lurking dangers Valli fell in love. Oscar de Mejo, tall, dark, and mediumly handsome and with music oozing out of him, was fleeing the Nazi conscription for slave labor in Germany and entered their group. The effect on Valli, until then only given to a grand pretense about love when before cameras, was strictly dynamite.

"We hated each other the first time we met," she laughingly will admit. "We disliked a little less at the second meeting. Then—oh, he was, he is marvelous! We expected the Allies to liberate Rome every day. How we ran for every report from the battle of Anzio! Finally, Oscar and I determined to be married without waiting a bit longer. And we had a church wedding, yes! Even though there was a German Secret Service building on one side of the church and a hotel requisitioned by the Nazis on the other. We had our ceremony at dawn. The priest and our pals helped us be secretive about it. Our honeymoon present was the last bombardment we heard, later on that day."

You can guess how she treasures a certain document, officially presented to her the end of that same month by General Roberto Beneivenga, the loyal military

commander of Italy's Roman area. It confers a "Solemn Praise" on Valli "because during the German occupation, inspired by high patriotic feelings, disregarding the Nazi-Fascist surveillance, she courageously excelled for the cause of resistance by strongly helping the clandestine organizations for the liberation."

Fourteen months after her marriage went by before she resumed her Italian stardom. She took advantage of that retirement to mother a fascinating son. But more of Charlie, as the de Mejos call their heir, later. Valli and her husband attended a dance when life was once more at least free, and a soldier from the Rome office of the G.I.'s overseas' newspaper, the *Stars and Stripes*, spotted her there. He was no fool; he sent word to Hollywood. This tip led to Selznick gathering together samples from all her films, though she didn't know it for a whole year. The clips he looked at for a solid two hours amazed him—her gamut in characterization was far beyond that of any American star! He saw her as a sophisticated siren, then as an idealistic woman who sacrificed her principles to save her son. She was a rich country girl whose tyrannical father was ultimately outwitted, and then a fallen woman a newspaperman unsuccessfully tried to lead back to a normal life. She evoked laughs with her flair for the light touch. Heavily dramatic, innocently romantic, or gay comedienne! A man of shrewd hunches, D.O.S. knew he'd found his next sensation. When he had Gregory Peck, Louis Jourdan, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore, and Charles Coburn assembled for an absorbing drama about one *Mrs. Paradine*, a glamorous London socialite capable of murder, he sent word to Valli that the opportunity to shine in Hollywood was hers.

"I was so eager to come to America," she enthuses honestly. "What a mad scramble it was finishing one more Italian film, packing up, and saying farewell!" Oscar and Charlie came with her, of course. As a professional composer of popular music, her husband was as eager to sample the bigger opportunities for his songs here as she was to act in our pictures. They were met in New York by Florence Cunningham, Selznick's ace diction expert, who instantly started

Valli's English lessons. Oscar, not to be outpaced, has vied in matching her mastery of the tongue—Selznick also thoughtfully sent a governess to meet Charlie; at the ripe old age of three Charlie not only speaks English with no accent, but attends a daily nursery school.

"Coming across America by train made me want to travel all about the land. But first I would like to know more of my own favorite stars right here in Hollywood. I have now had time to meet a few, such as Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones, and Greer Garson, and they are so gracious. With this breathing spell I want to meet Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn, and Garbo. I wonder what Gary Cooper is like, and Humphrey Bogart. I met Frank Sinatra when he came to Rome to entertain American soldiers; we did a radio show together then and so getting here and into a picture with him seems wonderful! Gregory Peck and Louis Jourdan have proved such polished actors, so pleasant personally. Fred MacMurray is so incredibly easy-going; we have no one as *unactorish* as he is, and yet so effective, back in Italy."

"She's proud that such American players as Orson Welles, Turhan Bey, Nancy Guild, Janis Carter, and Marc Platt have just been to Rome to make pictures there. She discloses that Charles Laughton will go to her native country to film his next drama, and that she's heard Merle Oberon and Burgess Meredith may team on Italian sets.

Meantime, she'll be partnering with a succession of our top male stars in the best stories Selznick can discover for her. Oscar wants her to know his new pals Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman. Hedda Hopper has columned that Valli shuns autograph seekers and Alida, bewildered by the mistaken charge, asks with a gaiety I fall for, "Please go get me a fan who wants my autograph!" Reassured that the accusation was a horrible error, she proceeds to bounce Charlie, babbling about *his* new companions at the nursery school, on a well-rounded knee and is affectionate toward the captivated friends she is accumulating in a hemisphere brand-new to her. Life can't handcuff her. Valiant is the word for Valli!

Inside Hollywood's Social Circle

Continued from page 29

at large gatherings, like the recent Hollywood Women's Press Club meeting where he was chosen as the most cooperative male star, and he was the life of the luncheon.

To prove how considerate he is, in addition to being such fun, he always remembers to send his hostess flowers the next day, along with a little note thanking her for having had such a wonderful time. And show me a woman who wouldn't be delighted to receive such attention, especially from Cary Grant.

While it has been said that he is very shy, Jimmy Stewart, believe it or not, is a riot of fun at a party. Not only is he one of the town's most eligible bachelors, but he is a good dancer and has a fund of droll stories, which are always hilarious and also in good taste. Jimmy is particularly thoughtful to older people and will go out of his way to see that elderly guests enjoy themselves. Jimmy doesn't care for large parties, either, but he always has the best time when there's a piano around. If there is a pianist playing, Jimmy will sit on the bench watching and sometimes will join in with a one-finger accompaniment, especially if his pal, Hank Fonda, will join him. The two of them have worked up a series of variations on "Chopsticks" that's practically a concerto!

For a one-man "Information Please," director Eddie Goulding wins the gilt-edged volumes of Encyclopedia Britannica! Eddie can recite, from memory, everything from "Hamlet" to the *Hollywood Reporter*. He knows all the answers, and if there's a quiz game of any sort you can be sure it will be an authentic one. Eddie also has a large store of amusing anecdotes, and his pixelike sense of humor will lead him to give impersonations of many of the famous stars he has directed. However, he never teases anyone, unless he thinks they are big enough to take it. Recently at a party, he gave an impersonation of Bette Davis on the set that sent Bette herself into gales of laughter.

I think Turhan Bey represents the ultimate in suave polish and perfect manners. While he is very much a man's man, he has a finesse and amiable charm that endear him to all the ladies. He has perfect taste in everything, too. He is an authority on good music and can discuss the subject intelligently with leading critics and famous artists. He is also a connoisseur of the finest wines, the most lovely women, and the most haunting songs. No wonder he is such a sought-after escort by all the unattached ladies in Hollywood.

Recently I asked Turhan what he considered were the most desirable requirements in a guest and he said, "Cobina, I believe that a guest should realize what his host's or hostess' responsibilities are, especially at big parties, and try to be as helpful as possible. If the guest knows his host well and has been a frequent visitor, then he should even act as a sort of assistant host and help to entertain other

guests who are invited for the first time. Of course, I think this holds true primarily in the case of male guests, but I do think it is one way of solving some of the problems of large parties."

Another handsome young man who is most "eligible" is my friend Tyrone Power, who is really one of our most effective "Good Will" ambassadors. Whether Ty is at an embassy party in Rome or at a beach barbecue at Malibu, he is always the same polite, courteous and charming person.

He is also very well liked by the men and recently, upon his return from Europe and Africa, the Mocambo tossed one of the rare stag parties in the Champagne Room honoring him, and a host of Ty's men friends packed the place. That was, naturally, one of the parties I couldn't attend, but I had plenty of "spies" on



Romantic co-stars of Allied Artists' "Song of My Heart," Audrey Long and Frank Sundstrom, share the leaning chair on the set.

hand and they all remarked on how pleased Power was over this tribute. Reggie Gardiner, Greg Bautzer, Walter Winchell, "Hank" Fonda, Louis Jourdan, Bob Hutton and the Ritz Brothers were just a few members of the all-male contingent of guests who appeared to welcome Ty home.

Speaking of Reginald Gardiner, he certainly belongs on the list of "ten most popular males," for the irrepressible "Reggie" can be the life of any party. His impersonations, whether it be of women shopping or of a wallpaper design, are screamingly funny. Only recently he "stopped the show" at my house, by doing an operatic duet with my little singing poodle, Vivace. The other night at Mary Pickford's he introduced a new game for picture people which is played with noises. Reggie makes a noise and you have to guess the star and the title of the film. For example, "Glug, Glug" is Ray Milland in "The Lost Weekend"; "Clank, Clank" is Ingrid Bergman in ar-

mor in "Joan of Lorraine," and—this is strictly Reggie—"Zip, Zip" is Linda Darnell in "Forever Amber."

While we are on the subject of clowning, we mustn't forget to add the name of Phil Silvers, who can make even the most stately dowager laugh until her tiara tilts. Phil is a renowned gagster and he will go to any length to play a prank. Not long ago at a party of a well-known producer who has a beautiful home, Phil insisted on masquerading as a sort of assistant butler. He kept serving all the wrong drinks, joining in the various little conversational groups and generally cutting up until the host had to reveal the identity of his uninhibited "butler." The climax came when he went up to a titled Englishman with a cigarette in one hand and said, "Pardon me, sir, but may I trouble you for a light?"

Frequently those stars who play the most rugged and the toughest rôles on the screen are the most affable and courteous guests to have in your own home, and I believe that this is certainly true of Robert Mitchum. I must say I had some misgivings when I first encountered him at a party after having seen him in pictures. To my surprise he proved to be one of the most entertaining guests at the party, and was so extremely considerate of his hostess that I immediately wanted to invite him to my next party. Since that time we have become great friends, and he has captivated so many hosts and hostesses that I know his morning delivery of invitations almost rivals that of his fan mail. While Bob prefers outdoor parties with riding and swimming as the main feature, he is equally at home in the drawing room and he is surprisingly adept on the dance floor.

One of Hollywood's inveterate partygoers is my pal, Edgar Bergen, who is always in demand and who never fails to provide something new and different for every occasion, whether it be a large public gathering or a small intimate social affair.

Generally he is accompanied by his wonderful and obstreperous little sidekick, Charlie McCarthy, who has the habit of popping up at even the most formal functions. Edgar always tells me that he leaves Charlie at home snugly tucked in bed, but that the little imp of a two-by-four finds some way to get out and hide in the trunk of Edgar's car. But Charlie is always such a riot that we just have to include him on the "ten most popular" list because I have never been to a party where he was not most welcome—sometimes even outshining Edgar when it came to fascinating the ladies.

Of course, no popularity poll—party or otherwise—would be complete without the name of Bob Hope. Bob is one of the most amusing and clever people I have ever known and his gift for ad-libbing is as reliable as it is sensational.

When I was in England for the royal wedding, I saw a great deal of Bob, and I saw how delighted the King and Queen were with his unfailing humor and never-flagging wit. After he had been presented to His Majesty, I said to Bob that I had seen him entertain thousands of people but that that was the first time I ever saw him win a royal laugh.

Tarzan in Mexico

Continued from page 40

They thought I was kidding. La Jolla is in California, the land of bathrooms, sewage systems, chlorinated water, government inspected beef, and blondes.

The other day I heard a little ten-year-old boy observe, with all the smugness of a child who has been born and raised in Hollywood, "Aw, those Johnny Weissmuller pictures are all phonies. The jungles are on a sound stage. The palms are all potted." Little boy, the palms aren't the only things that are potted in this life. We were practically embalmed with Mexican beer our entire time down there. Every time we got reckless and drank good old plain water, we got good old stomach cramps. There were shark and octopus in the water. Everything, as a matter of fact, but mermaids.

One week we had to go to Port Marcos, a very, very native island. Before you can land and go to work, you have to make negotiations with the king of the island. We didn't know about getting permission, so we just went over in boats and landed. When we got there, we noticed about a hundred pair of unfriendly eyes looking at us from the jungle. I don't know very much Aztec, but the other members of the cast and crew didn't know any, so they looked hopefully at me. I was all painted up to look like *Benji*, but those natives knew my dialogue was wrong—even if I did look something like them.

I approached the king. He was a typical native kind with nothing on but a G-string and a warning look in his eyes. He was smoking a big black cigar made especially for him by his subjects, swinging in a hammock and picking his teeth with a big sharp knife. I started to talk to him.

He said, "You no come on island. You tell rest of them no come on island!"

I turned around to tell Johnny Weissmuller, but he said, "Never mind, bud. We understand by the expression in his eyes."

The king said, "You come back bring presents?"

I said, "Tequilla?"

He said, "No, new pesos and scotch! Black label!"

Well, that's what advertising does for a product.

We put the canoes in reverse and went back to Acapulco. Barney Briskin, the associate producer, said, "What are you guys doing back here?"

I said, "We've got news for you: we aren't going back there. We don't like the looks of the man with the big stomach. Did you get permission to go on that island?"

"Nope," said Barney. "And don't give me any fairy tales."

He got into the boat with us, creating sort of a This-Expedition-Must-Not-Fail! atmosphere. We turned around and headed for the island again. About seven hundred yards from the shore, we heard the native drums. We could see everyone dancing and carrying on like they were looking forward to our arrival. In

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



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- Q. How about homemade douching solutions, such as salt and soda?
- A. They have no comparison with the scientific formula of "Lysol" which has proved efficiency in contact with organic matter.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche, to help give the assurance that comes with perfect grooming . . . confidence in "romance appeal."



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Peggy Cummins greets Tyrone Power on "Escape" set during his stopover in England.

fact, they looked a little too eager. They had a big pot boiling.

Mr. Briskin took one look at the set-up and said, "Let's get out of here!"

It began to look as if we weren't going to film a picture about Africa, after all. Then we decided the answer was to be properly guarded by the Mexican militia. Now I don't know whether you've seen the Mexican militia. In the big cities, they are trained, modern, and efficient. But in the outlying districts it's another story, for the army bought up all the old Italian uniforms, and they aren't exactly tailor-made. Maybe a soldier is size sixteen, but he has to wear a size forty uniform—there are no size sixteens. They have old guns, and they don't know what end to use. You think they are pointing the gun at you and they almost shoot themselves. We felt about as safe with them as we did without them.

Anyway, we landed on the island. The natives were still beating their drums, but the army offered our gifts. Things looked a lot more friendly. Even the malaria flies were friendly. They got in our brown makeup and got lost and you couldn't get them out. We'd get hot and thirsty and ask for a glass of water. A native boy would bring around a sheepskin, and the water was so dirty it would be brown.

We finally got set up and were in the middle of a very tense scene when our director, Robert Florey, decided that everyone was too hot, tired and disgusted to finish the scene—so he just stopped work. The moment we did, all the natives looked at us suspiciously. I said to Florey, "You don't know these people as well as I do. Don't look mad. Everybody keep smiling!" So, despite the heat, the flies, the thick pancake makeup, we kept on smiling. We were very, very nice. I sang Calypso songs for them. We did everything but turn cartwheels. At five o'clock our boats hadn't come for us yet. Florey asked, "How long do we have to keep laughing?"

I took a look at the chief, who didn't look happy. "I don't know," I said, "but keep it going."

Finally, when we got ready to leave, the king informed us he wanted money—\$3,500 worth of pesos, \$700 American money—the next day. That's very cheap for location, so the next morning we brought the money over. But he wanted

the bright new silver pesos that the President of Mexico had just put out. Seven hundred dollars in either American or Mexican silver would have required practically a steamer to bring over, and we had a time explaining he could trade in the pesos for the new silver. Finally, we finished shooting on the island.

At last, we were back in Acapulco. Though things weren't exactly like home, and despite our bad luck with cabbages and kings, we had fun. When we returned to the hotel after work, we'd sometimes sit around in our makeup. This character I was portraying, *Benji*, had long hair and a little moustache and spoke with a dialect. Every now and then a group of tourists would come through and eye me with interest. Sometimes the group would include a beautiful blonde, and since we hadn't seen a blonde for weeks, we would perk up.

One day a girl from Chicago came sauntering over. She came up to Johnny Weissmuller and me and said, "You're making a picture here, aren't you?"

Johnny pointed at me, "Him no speak English!"

"He doesn't?" she asked, just a shade doubtfully. "Well, who are *you* then?"

Johnny expanded, "Buster Crabbe," he said.

"Oh," she beamed. "I just knew I recognized you!"

So Johnny started beating on his chest and giving the Tarzan yell, and everyone froze to startled silence. You could hear that yell for six blocks. But Johnny felt like relieving the monotony. It was the only way we could have fun. The days went on and on; everybody got sick with something. We had a *wonderful* time. Everyone should go on jungle location.

But we did have our laughs, and some of them were on me. There's one scene in the picture where I have to joust. When they nailed a little two-by-three-foot platform to the prow of my canoe, I explained carefully that I couldn't swim. They gave me this pole, and instead of it being made of bamboo so it would be light, they had made it out of lead or something. It had taken five guys to carry it to me, but the director kept yelling for me to handle it with dexterity and ease, anyway. With a thing like that to upset my balance, I wasn't reassured when I noticed black fins passing.

I asked one of the Mexicans, "Any sharks in this water?"

"No, señor," he said politely.

"Well, then, what are those black fins?"

"Don't worry, señor," the boy assured me courteously. "Sharks do not see so good."

This did not cheer me up, because I knew that pole was going to upset my balance and I was going to fall in the water and I couldn't swim. Well, I fell. You never saw anyone swim so fast in your life. I got out of there. When I lifted myself out of the water, the crew kidded me. They had put a shark's fin on a wire for atmosphere—but they hadn't told me.

This island was more or less jinxed. Once, we were marooned for thirty-six hours during a hurricane. It was impossible to get a boat ashore. Although Brenda Joyce and Johnny Weissmuller were the stars, they fared no better than the rest of us. We had a few packages of cigarettes, which were doled out meticulously. We had a dozen nickel chocolate bars, and we divided them in equal parts. We told Johnny he didn't need his two ounces because he was bigger and stronger than the rest of us.

Johnny said, "Don't give me that routine, brother. There's more of me to feed!"

We laughed and clowning a lot to keep our spirits up, but a hurricane is no joke. With a tree, a rock, a bush for shelter, it was no laughing matter. And, in case you've never realized it, thirty-six hours can be a long, long time.

All the time we were on location, it was a nice feeling to realize that Johnny Weissmuller was no drug store hero. Those muscles aren't padded. Those agile stunts aren't performed by doubles. One day we had cause to be very happy about this particular fact. We were out about two miles when the ship's motor suddenly went dead. In those remote waters, you just don't sight ships every three minutes like Fifth Avenue buses. We knew it might be days before anyone would sail close enough to us to see our predicament.

Brenda Joyce and Linda Christians looked hopefully at Robert Florey, but he was no mechanic. As for me, I was willing enough to take the motor apart—for the heck of it—but I was reasonably certain the attempt would wind up the same way it had when, as a child, I had gleefully removed all the parts of an uncle's favorite watch. It never ran again.

Just about then, I saw Johnny sizing up the shore line. It was two miles distant, but that wasn't what was worrying an athlete like Johnny. It was those little black fins in the water. It was that full-size octopus we had seen the day before. Johnny clowning it up, but we were frankly worried.

"I guess the only thing to do is to swim for it," he said. "You stay here like good children while I go for help."

He didn't have to warn us. Nothing short of starvation could have budged us from that boat. The water was deceptively clear and inviting, but we figured that clearness would help a shark's vision quite a bit. So we sat stolidly in our little boat under the broiling sun.

Not Johnny. He was over the side and fifty yards away before we knew what had happened. We watched him—and if there is a better and more graceful swimmer, I haven't seen him—as he swam effortlessly through the water. He headed straight for shore, and brought back a boat to rescue us. We didn't say much, but it took a lot of courage to dive into those waters. Nor is two miles an easy stint. Yes, we were glad Johnny is no phony character. He couldn't have done a better job if Tarzan had coached him.

I've had a lot of experiences in my life. For one thing, I was born totally blind and didn't regain my eyesight until I was seven years old. For another, I studied cello until an accident severed a tendon in my left hand and made it impractical for me to continue. At seventeen, I was a sculptor and taxidermist at the Museum of Arts and Sciences in New York and went on an eighteen-month expedition to the heart of Africa. When I returned, Antoine, the famous hair-stylist, saw a head I had designed in a Tiffany window. He contacted me and asked me to be his assistant. I went to Paris with this fabulous eccentric, who—among other things—always slept in a coffin! Finally, under my own name of Mario, I was earning \$25,000 a year with my own beauty salons when I decided to take a plunge in the movies. I started in westerns, and I couldn't even ride a horse. Later, I was entertaining the boys at a veteran's hospital when someone decided I had a voice, and I was signed by Mercury Records. Even my first important screen rôle, as the Italian officer in "A Walk in the Sun," was a strange one: I didn't speak a word of English all the way through the film. Some people don't live routine lives, and I guess I am just one of those people.

But now I realize that past experiences pale in the light of my adventures with Tarzan. Laughs, thrills, chills were the paints used on our canvas. So when you see Tarzan, and the rest of us, on the screen, don't sell those thrills short. Let yourself go and get good and scared. We were!

If You Want to Look Smart!

Continued from page 47

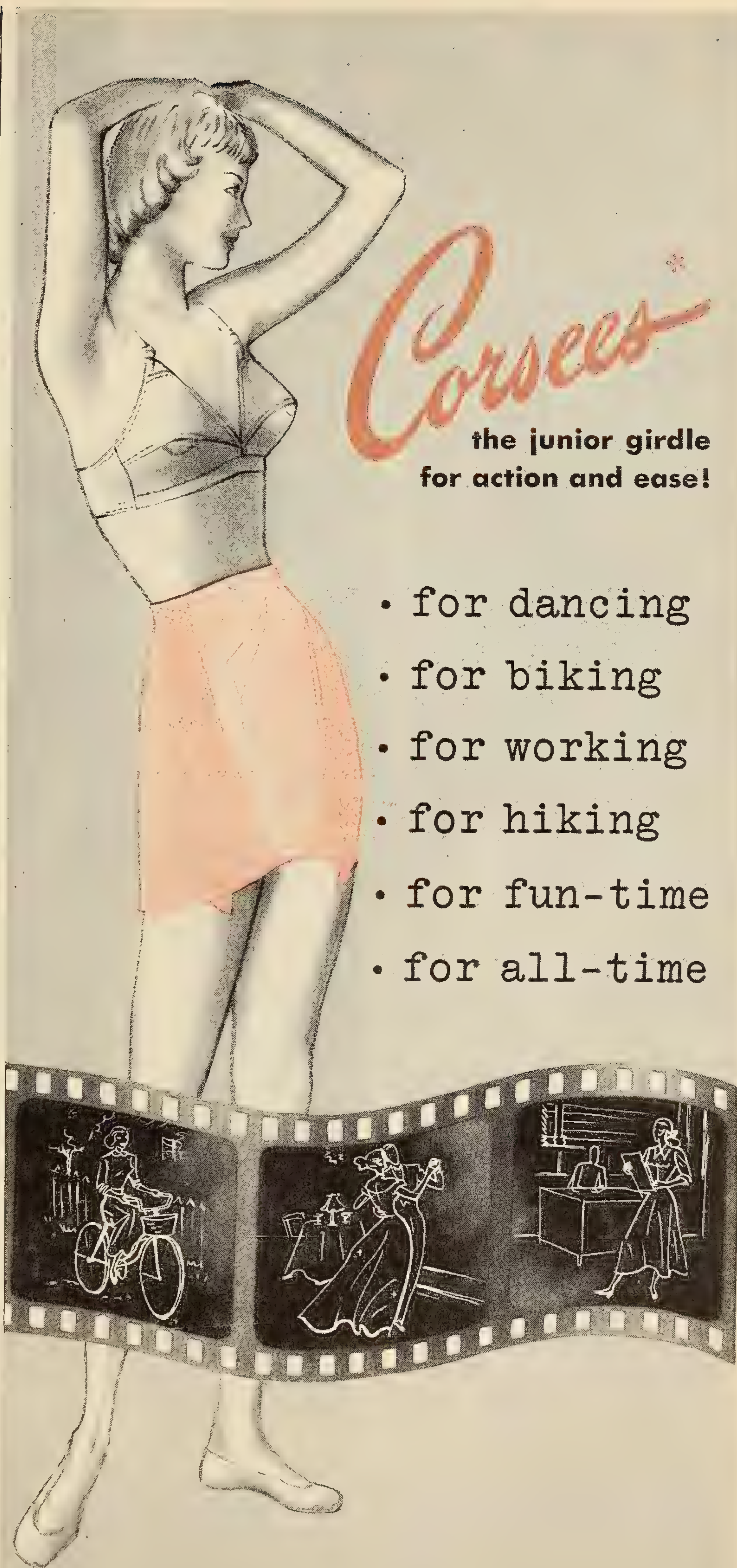
These are the names of the manufacturers whose clothes are featured on pages 46-47:

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New York 18, N. Y.

Two-piece worsted suit
Ciro Sportswear
530 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Striped silk and blue cotton dresses
Surrey Classics
498 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Pamisheen topper by Marki
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Wedding Bells for Janis

Continued from page 45

want to feel married for ever and ever!"

Jack Warner, to whom she is under contract, gave her her dress, and told her to get whatever she wanted. She floated in to see Billy Treville, famous clothes creator—Janis floats these days, she's so thrilled!—and asked for heavy oyster shell satin, made with tiny waist, ballet length skirt, puffed sleeves, and a veil. Billy said: "Yes!" and "Yes!" and "Yes!" and she floated out again.

The dress looks like something out of the Gay Nineties, with its 22½ inch waist, fifteen yard skirt, and ruffled taffeta petticoat. It's drop-shouldered with a small berth above its puffed sleeves that meet long, white gloves, and it has an inset lace yoke, embroidered in seed pearls. The veil! Janis says: "Oh, my!" every time she thinks of it. A tiny elastic fits around her hair when it's drawn to the top of her head, then the red curls are arranged over the veil in artistic fashion. The veil ruffles out below her eyes in front and falls hiplength in back.

You need a magnifying glass to see the tiny stitches. Mrs. Clark, who did Janis' "Cheyenne" wardrobe, and who considers Janis her "baby," headed the corps of women who worked on the dress. They made the bride a blue garter trimmed in rosebuds, and a lace handkerchief fit for a queen.

Janis' sister, Mrs. Betty Phinney, matron of honor, wore a ballet length purple moiré dress that sets off her shining blonde hair, a halo hat made of live pink roses. Their mother, a brown satin suit, matching mink hat.

For weeks, Janis couldn't find the right church for the ceremony: "A big church seemed so cold," she told me, "and the little chapels didn't appeal to me. One day, Mother and I were driving in the Valley along Coldwater Canyon when we came on a little redwood church with a steeple with a bell in it. A sign in front said: 'Come In. Our Doors Are Never Closed.' We went in and I knew I'd found my church. It's Nonsectarian, built in 1940 for \$500 and contributed labor. Inside, it's knotty pine. There's a tiny altar with lovely candelabra, copper wall brackets and the pews are upholstered in blue."

Reverend John Wells, who greeted them, is "the kind of old-fashioned minister you dream of," according to the bride. He makes no charge for the twelve to fifteen weddings a month that he conducts.

"When we went to pick out my engagement ring," recalled Janis, "the jeweler had unset stones ready. The instant I saw this one, I knew it was for me. I wanted something unostentatious, but beautiful. Frank selected two triangle diamonds to go with it." She eyed her ornamented third finger, blissfully. "My wedding ring has three little stones, and on each anniversary Frank will add another. Frank gave me a new Oldsmobile convertible for an engagement present, and had 'Mrs. M.' painted on the door!" She beamed all over.

Her going-away dress! What, what, what should she wear? Janis pondered her problem, happily. She loves clothes; now she has more than she ever dreamed she'd have. The new suit, the tomato-red jacket with the new wing collar, black skirt and white ermine hat? Or the white knit outfit with a fur stole? The white knit was her mother's trousseau gift. The trousseau is practically inexhaustible. I must mention a yellow-gold knit dress, with bag, gloves and shoes to match, and a black taffeta suit, made with full ballet-length skirt, tight black taffeta girdle, bolero jacket with wings instead of sleeves, and white organdie blouse with big puffed sleeves. Janis couldn't find the



Donald Buka's cairn terrier inspects car-washing job. Donald is the lad who won five awards from the New York drama critics in a single year, and is now scheduled to win femme hearts in Howard Hughes' production, "Vendetta," a provocative melodrama of ideological conflict (it says here!).

blouse she wanted to complete this costume of her own design, but one day she saw one embroidered in peasant colors on sale for \$8.98. She stood there, saying: "Let's see" for a while, then bought it. It took all day to rip out the colors and make a collar, two nights to trim it with lace.

You may have heard her love story, but she likes to tell how she met Frank between 9 and 9:15 p.m., August 10th, 1947, and fell in love with him at first sight. They were in San Francisco at Tom Harris', she was between shows at a local theater. Frank was tall and handsome, he looked strong and kind, but that wasn't it. She thought: "I don't

know who he is, what he does, where he lives, or even if he's married. But oh, here is the One!"

"I'd had plenty of dates. I'd had some proposals. But no one had meant anything till then. I can't imagine *learning* to love Frank—I loved him right away!" She doesn't think Frank felt the same way. Naïvely, she supposes she trapped him.

That was Sunday. When they said goodnight, she thought she'd never see him again. Monday, before she was up, he telephoned. She had to leave early Thursday, but for three days whenever she was free Frank was with her, showing her San Francisco as it's never been shown before. They said goodbye Wednesday midnight. "This is the end!" she thought. Unable to sleep, she spent the night packing. At 4 a.m., Frank was on the telephone asking to take her to the airport at 5 for the 6 o'clock plane. They breakfasted together, Time whooshing along faster than a supersonic rocket; then she was on her plane, and once more it was over.

Reporting in Laguna to do a play, Janis had a long distance call. Frank was lonesome. Wasn't that wonderful? He burned up the telephone wires all week, then came down, again and again. On September 16th, Janis' birthday, they told her mother of their engagement.

Frank's father is the proprietor of the famous Bal Tabarin in San Francisco, and Frank has a smaller restaurant of his own. Since he won't ask Janis to give up her career, Frank will sell his restaurant and go into business in Los Angeles. Then they'll build a small house, and furnish it in Early American and Victorian. Janis has selected silver in a Victorian pattern. Frank's grandmother gave them a chair her mother brought around the Horn many years ago, and a century-old piece of petitpoint, never made up. Frank's relatives presented two marble-topped tables, and urge the honeymooning couple to select what they want from a houseful of antiques. "His grandmother gave us two old copper pails in which her grandmother cooked over a German fire, long ago! We could make them into lamps; but it would be fun to hang them in our fireplace when we build. These wonderful old family treasures start us off with traditions!"

"I happened to find two little antique chairs upholstered in pale pink velvet that went with nothing in our house. They were so sweet, I couldn't resist them. A Frenchman came to clean a rug, saw the chairs and said he could do them over. He found some heavy brilliant red velvet and antique tacks in yellow gold; when he brought them back, he simply pranced around them, he was so proud. I was so excited, I nearly died!"

Life is all joy and bliss: they have everything, even to a red-headed bride for the wedding cake!

Honeymoon plans? Secret. They've been changed three times. Not a syllable of a hint will pass Janis' lips till she's home in Hollywood to do "One Sunday Afternoon." But she's sure her honeymoon will be Out Of This World. If she floats above the earth now, then, she'll float above the clouds!

Rugged Ryan

Continued from page 21

he comes closest to showing the true picture of European conditions as you or I might have interpreted them.

To begin with, Bob is not alarmed by talk of war between this country and any other European power. That's primarily because he feels we will help rehabilitate Europe through the Marshall plan. But a more decisive factor in favor of continued peace is the complete physical exhaustion of the people all over the continent.

Bob's stay in Europe extended over a period of about two months, during which most of his time was spent in Germany, where he was appearing in scenes for the RKO picture, "Berlin Express." So for the sake of following his story faithfully, as he experienced it, it is fitting that we begin with his observations of that country.

First, however, it would seem advisable to tell you something about Bob Ryan personally, in case you are not familiar with his background. This will help you to draw your own conclusion about his observations in Europe. It will also show you, as I have previously stated, why his reactions could probably have been about the same as our own.

Bob became an actor when he was 28. Like many young men around his age, he had been a victim of the depression. He had been graduated from Dartmouth in 1932, only to face a world that could not give him employment. Thus caught in an economic trap, he did just what you or I might have done, and many of us did. He took whatever honest employment he could find. At various times he worked as a sandhog, sewer builder, miner, cowboy, bodyguard-chauffeur, photographer's model and finally a WPA employee. He even took a job as a seaman on a freighter which went to Africa and around the cape to the East African coast. But he didn't see much scenery on this odyssey. He was one of the "black crew" in the engine room.

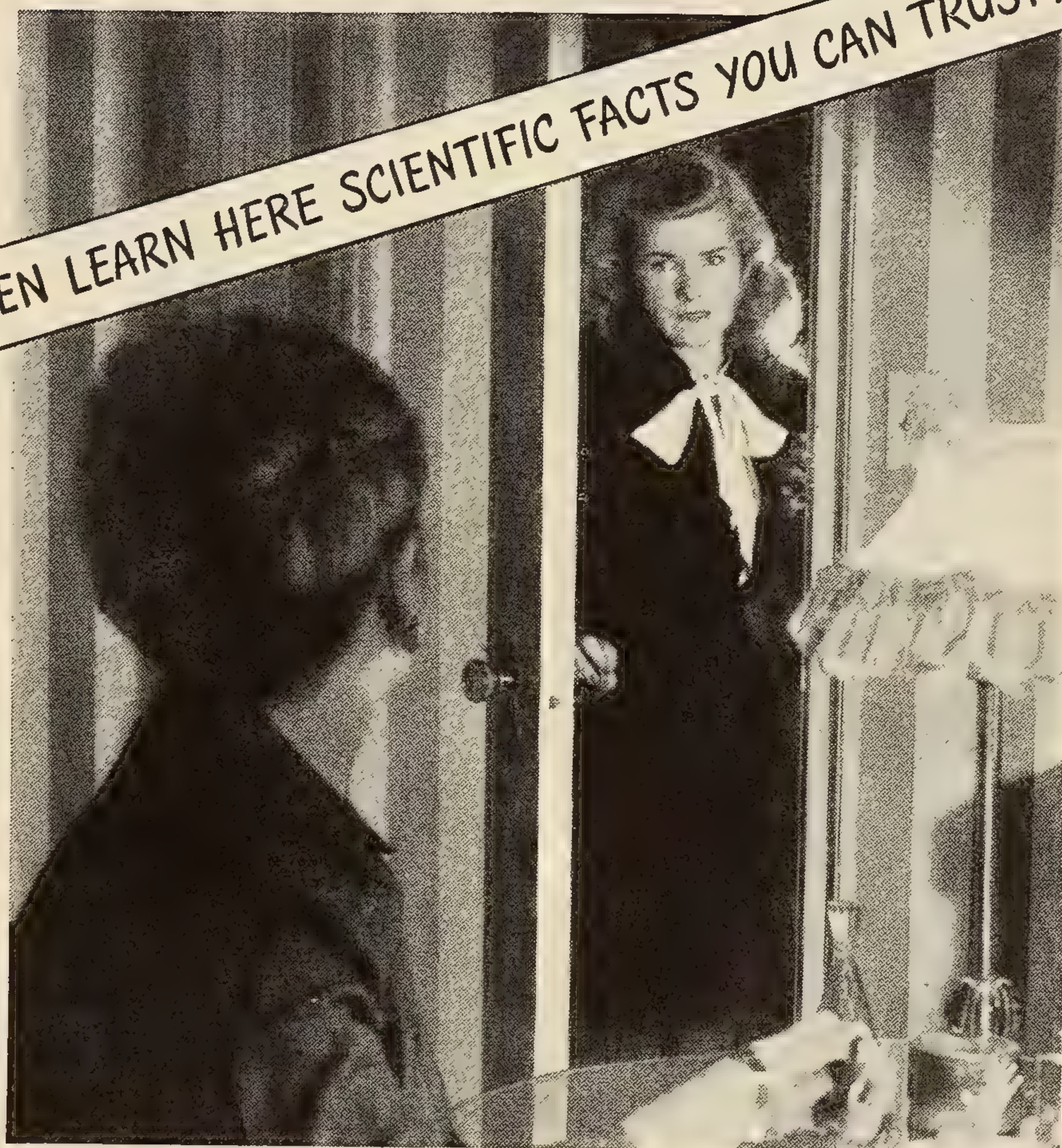
The WPA in Chicago, his native city, gave Bob his best break since leaving college. He became a paving supervisor, and eight hours of straw-bossing a day left him some leftover energy for night work. This is when he turned to acting, starting with a gratis job staging and directing a play at a private school for girls.

After working at another series of jobs and managing to accumulate a little money, Bob took a gamble and invested in an oil well in Michigan. As oil well earnings go, Bob made a modest profit and decided to invest it in a trip to Hollywood. But from here on, until his break in pictures, life was one disappointment after another.

Bob followed the general procedure of selling himself to casting offices and agents, but nothing happened. One agent leveled off with him and told him one reason why he couldn't make the grade in pictures was because he didn't look like an actor. But he persisted, in the meantime having acquired himself a wife,

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the former actress, Jessica Cadwalader, whose own experiences had been about as tough as Bob's.

Considering that Bob's name now helps adorn the star roster at RKO, his upward struggle certainly qualifies him as a typical American. Now you will understand why his comments on Europe are about as free of the usual folderol as possible. Bob saw Europe through the common sense eyes of a practical man, and that's the main reason why he could feel no lightness when he started talking about it.

If other observers have said they found absolutely no hope in the German people, Bob goes them one better—or worse. He found them reduced to the lowest possible economic denominator. He is also grimly convinced that Germany at present would welcome another war between the East and the West. They have fallen so low that they could only benefit by such a conflict.

For example, money is worthless in Germany as far as Germans are concerned. When the "Berlin Express" company hired a professional German actor to play a bit rôle in the picture, he took the job only if they would pay him off with a new pair of trousers.

"The best way I can describe the Germans," Bob told me, "is that they are punch drunk. They have absolutely no spirit. They were very cooperative with us, but that was for a practical reason. They wanted to earn what they could from us, and they could do this only by helping us."

Even with this realistic analysis of the Germans, however, Bob and his fellow troupers felt only compassion for these people. "In our company," he told me, "there was one English actor whose home had been destroyed by the German airforce. In fact, the war had done irreparable harm to his entire family. But after two days in Germany he could feel only sympathy and pity for the people. You simply can't feel bitterness for suffering humanity, and everyone who sees the Germans feels that way."

Having completed "Crossfire," a picture attacking racial intolerance, just before he sailed for Europe, Bob was extremely keen about trying to find out if the old Nazi ideology of race discrimination still permeated the Germans. His honest conclusion was that it still does.

"You never meet a German who had been a Nazi," he told me, "but you know they were because they so violently protest their innocence. Most of them tell you that they had wanted to come to America when Hitler assumed power, but the cases I took the trouble to investigate showed that the principals could have left the country if they had really wanted to. Besides, the American immigration quota before the war was never completely filled up from Germany."

On the other hand, Bob is convinced there is no such thing as a German underground. "I am sure there is no organized resistance against the Allies," he said, "because the people simply do not have enough energy to be concerned with such a thing. They are too defeated. They are interested only in a hand-to-mouth existence, and the future can take care of itself."

Bob did notice, though, that the Germans were always playing up the Russians as heavies. The chief reason for this is that they wanted to keep the Americans in their country to supervise affairs. The people are aware that if the Americans pull out they will be left to the mercy of a more hard-bitten conqueror. For that matter, Bob had to take the German attitude against the Russians as having some foundation. It is impossible for an outsider to gain any first-hand information about the Russians. "That iron curtain," quipped Bob, "is about two feet thick."

With all the chaos and uncertainty of their lives, the Germans nevertheless are holding to their old pattern of life as much as possible. The family still remains the basis of their society, and relatives stay together wherever possible.

When I asked Bob to describe the most cheerful scene he could remember having seen in Germany, he simply couldn't answer the request. Apparently there is nothing but gloom on all sides. In the whole of the American occupied sector of Berlin, for example, there are only two theaters and the same number of night clubs. But the films shown are ancient and uninteresting, and in the so-called night clubs one can only buy inferior beer and unpalatable wine.

"The most depressing sight I saw," he added grimly, "was the rather common one of watching children hitched to carts, like horses, hauling things from one place to another. These youngsters hire themselves out as beasts of burden in order to help earn a little more for themselves and their families. Everyone in our company felt complete sympathy for the children. After all, a child is a child anywhere, a helpless victim of the mistakes made by his elders."

After leaving Frankfort, where most of the scenes of "Berlin Express" were filmed, Bob and other members of the cast went to Paris for a visit. There Bob found that the proverbial French gaiety was not entirely dead. In fact, he was much more cheerful about his report on France in general.

"Superficially," he observed, "Paris seems as gay as ever. There are theaters, night clubs, horse racing and all the old amusements that we have in this country. But underneath, the large majority of people feel the weight of the day-to-day struggle of making ends meet. There are two classes of well-fed Frenchmen, the very rich and those who live on the land outside the cities. The average Frenchman is caught in a squeeze between these two classes."

To give you a concrete example of what the lot of the working man is, Bob cited a luncheon he and three friends had in a restaurant in St. Germaine, a suburb of Paris. The meal for the four cost as much as a French working man makes in a month.

"In France," he told me, "the feeling is far from apathetic, as it is in Germany. The French are too volatile to take things lying down. The atmosphere is more of tension than anything else because of the very nature of the people. A Parisian will still bawl out a gendarme in the middle of a boulevard if he feels

his rights as a citizen have been violated."

Bob is inclined to believe that the French spirit is one of the hopeful signs of Europe. He is convinced, after talking to numerous Frenchmen, that they will never allow themselves to become the victims of an iron-clad dictatorship of any kind. He cited the activities of the underground in that country during the last war. If Communism is ever fully established, it will be a French brand of communism that allows most of the ancient freedoms to which the people have been accustomed.

Another reason why the French offer more hope for peace in Europe is a very practical one. They are better off than either the Germans or the English. Theirs is essentially an agricultural country, and food is the answer to any stabilization that will come to Europe.

"In England," Bob told me, "you don't hear any complaining. The English become offended if you talk about their short circumstances. And another thing, there is no thought in England that there will be another war. The people I saw seem simply too dazed from the effects of the last one to be able to contemplate such a repetition of history in the near future."

Bob's personal attitude is that the United States should go all out in helping the people of Europe rehabilitate themselves. It is clear from what he saw that the countries over there are so economically depleted that through sheer necessity they will be friendly toward the way of life that shows them the most aid.

"I have never in my life felt like standing on a soap box before," he said with serious determination, "but I feel like doing just that now, after returning from what I saw over there to the abundance that is ours over here. I not only want to do something to help the people of Europe, but I feel it is my moral obligation to urge other people to do the same thing."

Bob even threw caution to the wind in telling me how he and his wife have become a part of the American Aid to France movement. He doesn't care if people accuse him of seeking publicity, which is far from his purpose, when he says that he and his wife are now sending regular food parcels to families in France. He only hopes that his example will suggest the same thing to others.

Oddly enough, Bob's feeling on returning from Europe is almost identical to the one of the character he portrays in "Berlin Express." When he was given that assignment all he could think of was that he would get a sight-seeing trip abroad. The young agricultural expert he portrays in the picture went over with the same idea in mind, only to return to this country a zealot for the helping of the unfortunate Europeans. How they got that way doesn't matter.

And lest Bob appear to be above a comment on the long and short skirts, he did have something to say on that score. "I think they should be shorter," he emphasized. "The naked of Europe need clothing, and the extra cloth saved by shorter skirts will help to that end."

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- ☐ Be cagey
- ☐ Pout and protest
- ☐ Lassie, come home

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- ☐ She's "specs" shy
- ☐ She's a snub-deb

Maybe her future just passed? She wouldn't know. Her glimmers need glasses. Why be "specs" shy? Lenses today look mighty swish when the frames flatter your features, your coloring. They'll keep you from missing fun and friends. At certain times, if it's *comfort* you're missing—try the new, softer Kotex. You've never known a napkin with such heavenly softness that *holds its shape*. Made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And your new Kotex Sanitary Belt gives such comfortable fit. It's adjustable; all-elastic!



In hem-lengths, is your best bet—

- ☐ 10 inches from the floor
- ☐ No-frump
- ☐ Half-calf

Before you get ankle-deep in hemlines, consider your height and heft. Too-long skirts dwarf tiny gals; give "tubba tubbas" a dowdy look. For towering teens, the ballerina's better than an unbroken, "bean-pole" line. Be sure of a no-frump deal! Choose the length most becoming to *you*. Your choice of sanitary napkins, too, should depend on your individual needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which suits *you* best. All 3 sizes have an exclusive *safety center*, to give you *extra* protection!

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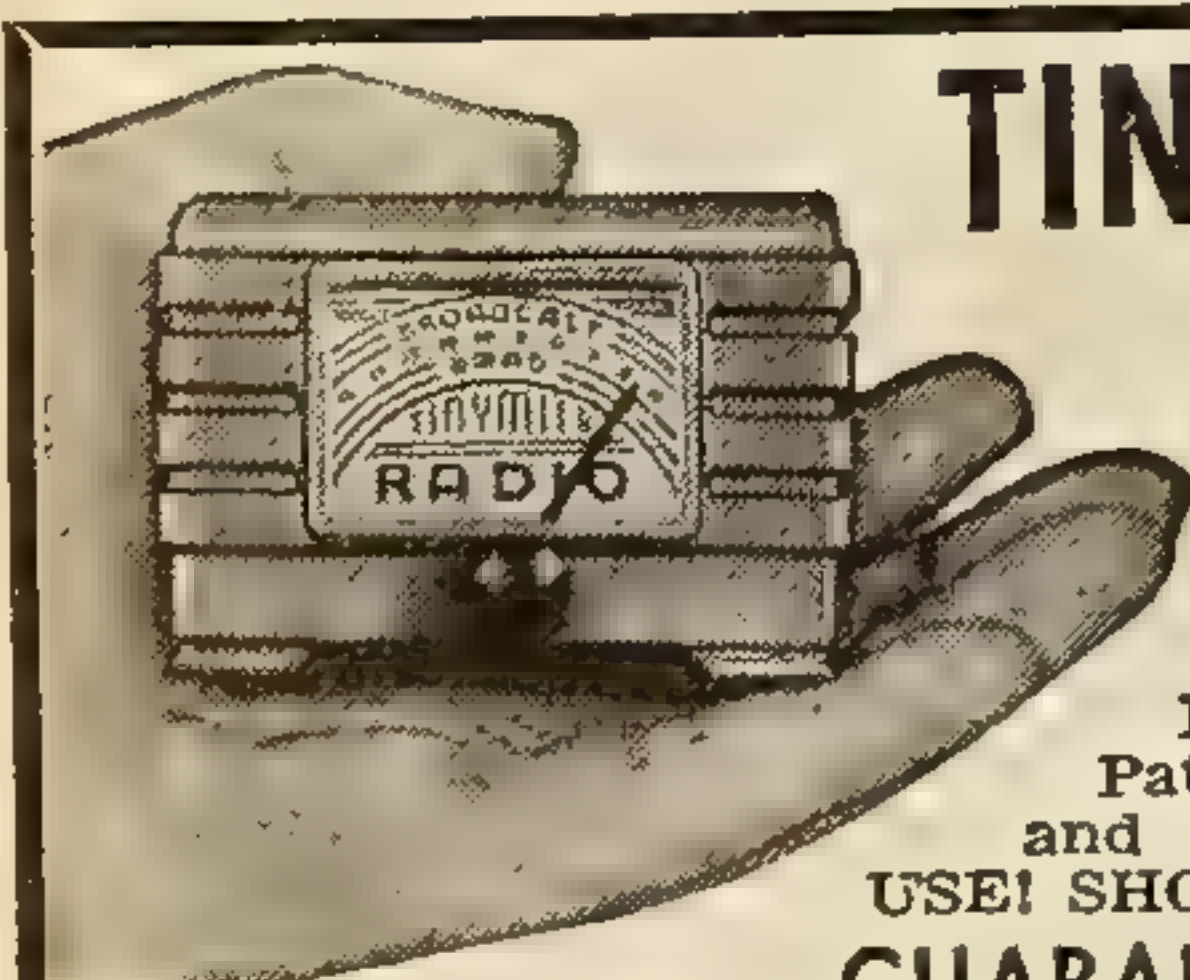
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A change of cosmetics will
help to combat spring fever.

Here are the newest items

HAVE you had the desire to do yourself over yet? Comes spring most of us feel sort of dissatisfied and want a change in makeup as well as in everything else. Manufacturers, being human beings and having the same feelings, know how we feel and they hasten to help us out of our doldrums.

For something new and different, here's Perfumed Nail Lacquer. Sounds exciting, doesn't it? It is put out by Milkmaid in a bevy of lovely colors. The perfume from the nail lacquer is supposed to linger for at least twenty-four hours after it is applied, even though you wash your hands during that time. Only 60 cents at your local cosmetic counter.

Then Yardley comes along with a

sparkling new powder shade, Champagne. It harmonizes with the new soft make-ups, especially the pinks. A medium blend with faint gold undertones, it costs a dollar. Plus 20% on all these, of course.

If you're on the lookout for a different essence for spring and haven't already tried Desert Flower Toilet Water, give it a try now. It is a Shulton product, with a gold mesh-covered rubber atomizer, and sells for \$2.25 at leading drug and department stores.

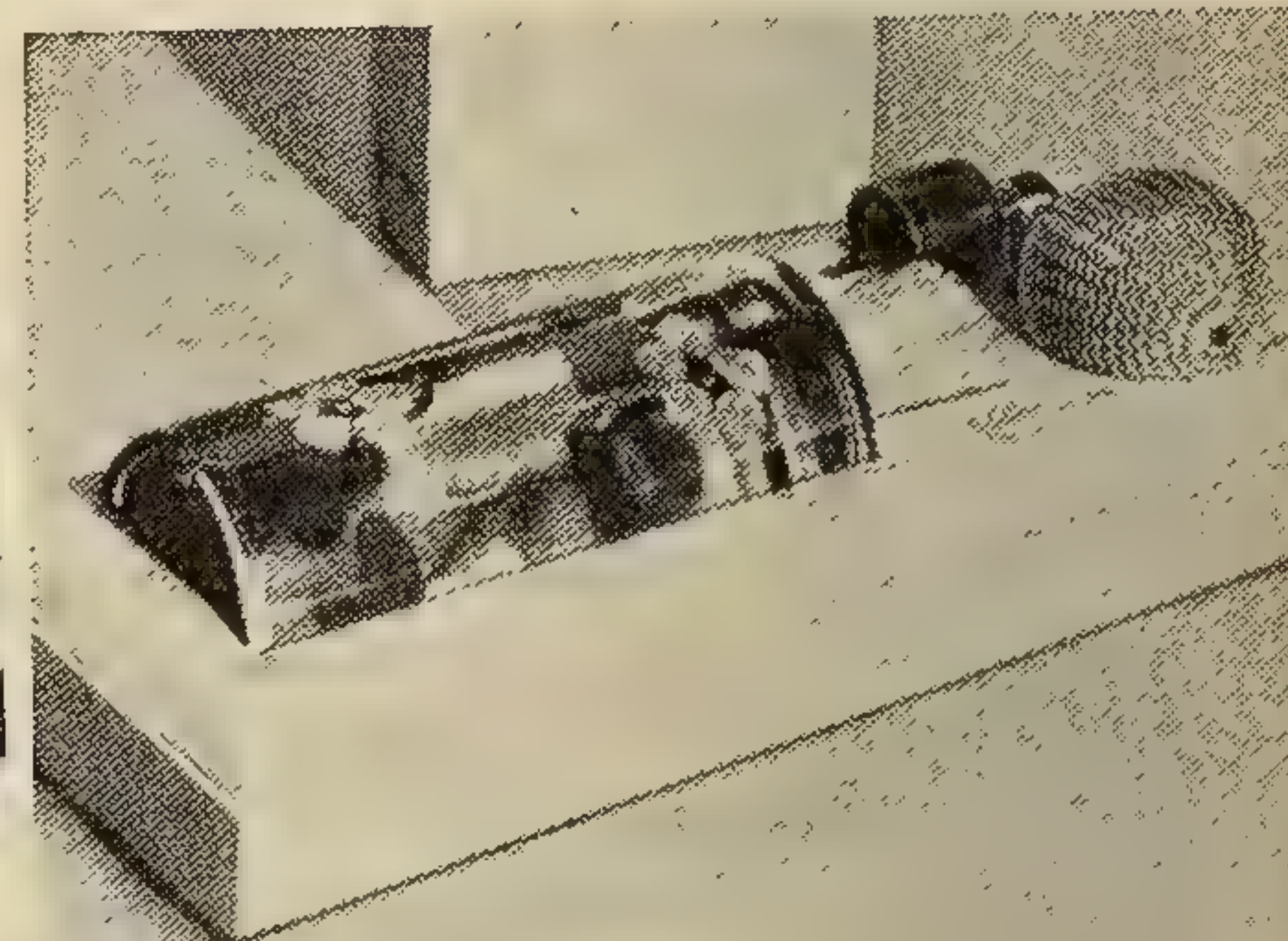
Not to be outdone, Max Factor parades forth with a lush new color tone called Amber. In three blends, Amber No. 1 is for the fair and creamy skins; Amber-Rose for those gals with medium complexions; and Amber No. 2, for deep olive skins. The new shade Pan-Cake sells for \$1.50 and matching face powder is \$1.

For you fair-haired damsels, Maybel-line has a new light brown eyebrow pencil. Redheads, take note; this may also be the answer to your brow problem.

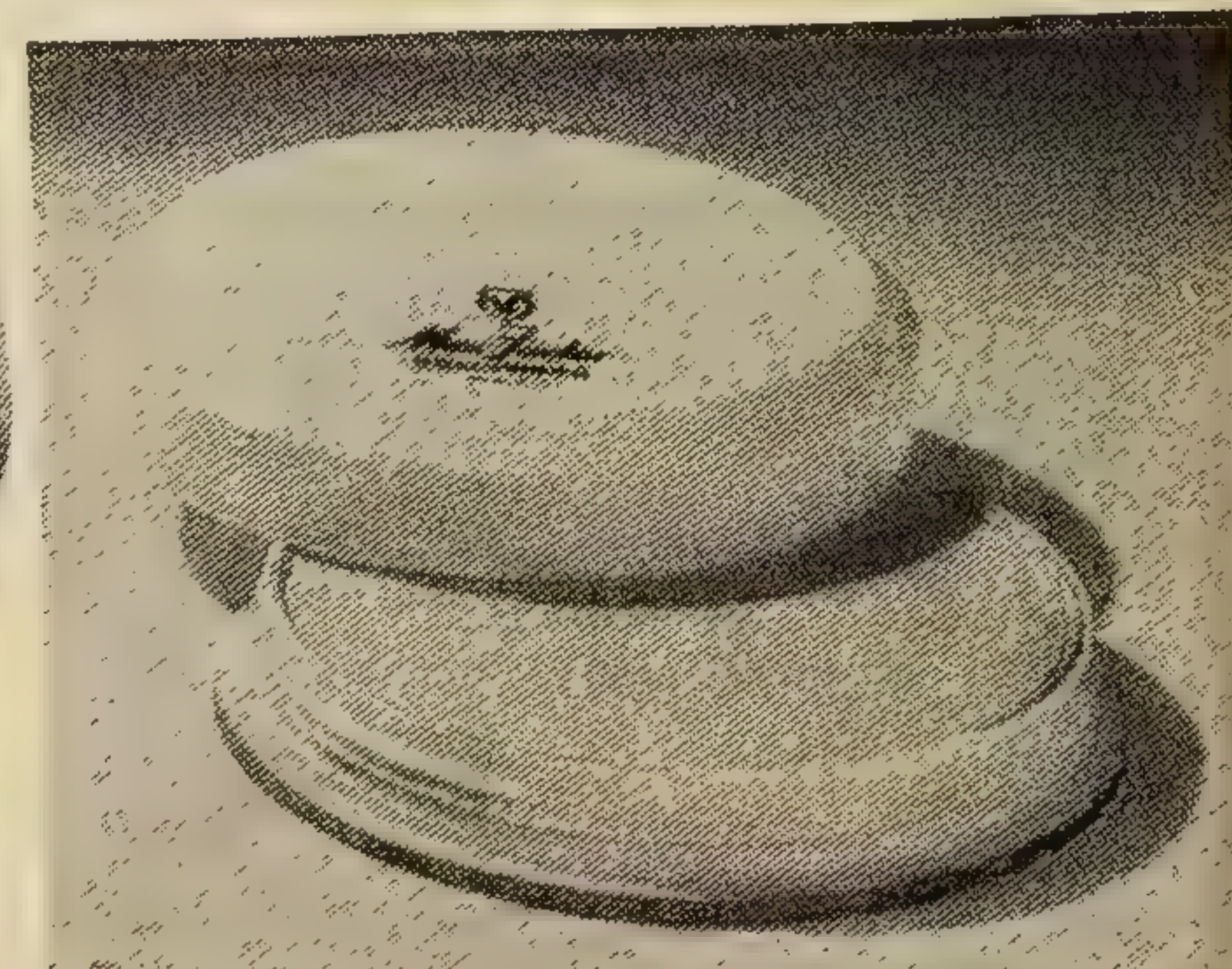
Guide To Glamor



Yardley introduces a new powder shade to match soft spring makeup—Champagne.



Left, model wears Milkmaid Perfumed Nail Lacquer. Above, Shulton Desert Flower.



Max Factor's pride of the month is a new Amber tone in three lush shades.

An Open Letter to Alexis Smith

Continued from page 19

everything. Undoubtedly, harassed producers must wish you were triplets.

When your appreciative studio sent you to London as their decorative ambassador to curtsy to royalty at the big Command Performance, they knew what they were doing. Your knees may have knocked together, as you told me, when you curtsied to the King and Queen, but nobody noticed. Like your name, Alexis, you have a sort of regal manner yourself. It's corny but it's true: you turned out to be a credit to your bosses and to your profession, one of the best possible representatives of those new, refreshing, decent, vital young Hollywood stars who take their work, but never themselves, seriously.

There's one more thing. When I lunched with you and Craig, a subject came under discussion which revealed a lot about you two. At the time, the break-up of one of Hollywood's supposedly happiest marriages had just been announced. You know the couple in question; you've lived and worked in Hollywood; you're hep. And yet when you heard it you shook your head. "I just can't believe it," you said. I liked that. No cynicism; no "Oh, well, I'm not surprised; I could tell you things." Just honest hurt and a bit of bewilderment. I hope you'll always say: "I just can't believe it" just like that.

Aside to Craig Stevens: and when are they going to give you a really rugged rôle that I know you could play? If they don't get Stevens-conscious pretty soon, the studios will have a one-woman crusade on their hands. Excuse me, two-woman crusade. Alexis is in on this, too.
D. E.

Exquisite Pioneer

Continued from page 43

nary. Why, your movie wardrobe alone is enough to set the average woman permanently agog." Being "permanently agog" is a state much like perpetual motion: the secret hasn't yet been found.

Certainly there have been clothing thrills for Loretta during her career. Still memorable is the sumptuous ermine she wore in "Men in Her Life." Occasionally someone (particularly now that lamé is back on the market) writes to request a picture of or a pattern for the silver lamé evening gown that Loretta wore in "He Stayed for Breakfast." Hundreds of fans still remember the negligée she wore in "The House of Rothschild"—a peach velvet number bound with stone marten. And the studio was deluged with requests for duplicates of the coveralls (good for gardening, for housework, for automobile trips, the correspondents pointed out) that Loretta wore in "Ladies Courageous." Finally, there can be little doubt that Loretta's clothing in "Shanghai" established a box-coat fashion trend that persists to this day.

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Another progressive triumph in the life of an actress is being cast opposite the celebrated men in the theatrical profession. There is not only professional but personal victory in working vis-à-vis with talented actors. Loretta Young has appeared in at least one picture with practically every noted actor in Hollywood. Fancy the pleasure of exchanging lines with the immortal George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild." Imagine the silken delight of sharing a love scene with blankverse Ronald Colman in "Clive of India." Remember the runaway sequence with Don Ameche in "Ramona?" Melvyn Douglas was her leading man in the high comedy, "He Stayed for Breakfast," and it was Clark Gable with whom she appeared in "Call of the Wild." Spencer Tracy was her fellow householder in "Man's Castle" and Tyrone Power was the love interest in "Suez." When Richard Green was new in Hollywood, and was widely touted as the most exciting man to come out of England in years, he was selected to work opposite Loretta in "Kentucky." Robert Preston was Loretta's boy friend in "Lady from Cheyenne," and Ray Milland was the doctor in "The Doctor Takes a Wife." Freddie March was the man of her heart in "Bedtime Story" and Loretta has worked opposite Alan Ladd in both "China" and "And Now Tomorrow."

Every actress in town drools over appearing in a picture with Gary Cooper; Loretta had a wonderful time with him in "Along Came Jones," a picture featuring Dan Duryea. No acting life is complete without some experience before the camera with the fabulous Orson Welles. Loretta passed that milestone in "The Stranger." She went on to another member of the Mercury Theater group when she worked with Joseph Cotten in "The Farmer's Daughter," and she rounded out her experience with leading men by working opposite Cary Grant and David Niven in "The Bishop's Wife." In her latest, "Rachel," she co-stars with Robert Mitchum and William Holden, no less.

A well-rounded actress' life depends, in addition to glamorous wardrobes, handsome and gifted leading men, upon the playing of compelling dramatic scenes. In Hollywood it has been proved often that an actress will sometimes take a thankless part and drudge through months of uninspired dialogue and corny situations

if there is one flashing dramatic sequence in the picture. Loretta Young's exceptional dramatic talents were early tried by the picture "Ramona." Every actress hopes, when she is a novice, to be entrusted with a rôle in which her beloved dies. In "Ramona" the part of *Alessandro*, the Indian, was enacted by Don Ameche. If you remember the story, you will recall that *Alessandro* was shot in cold blood before the very eyes of his wife. Those who watched this sequence in the picture will tell you that few scenes filmed since can equal the anguished drama of Loretta Young's performance.

Every actress hopes to play a rôle in which she does a deathbed sequence. One of the reasons for the huge box office appeal of such pictures as "A Farewell to Arms," with Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper, "Arrowsmith," with Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes, "Camille," with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, "Christopher Strong," with Katharine Hepburn, and "The Other Love" with Barbara Stanwyck and David Niven, was the five handkerchief finish in each case. Those of you who saw "Life Begins" will never forget Loretta's performance in that picture. Her deathbed scene was one of the most poignant ever recorded on celluloid.

Every star hopes to play a rôle in uniform, an ambition that Loretta realized in "The White Parade," in which she was a nurse. Every dramatic actress is eager to play an Oriental rôle, complete with tilted eyelids, black wig, and sumptuous robes. This ambition was gratified for Loretta when she played in "The Honorable Mr. Wong" (an oldie) opposite Warner Oland. And finally, every actress worth her training aspires to enact the rôle of a handicapped human being. Bette Davis is still getting applause for her work in "Dark Victory." Dorothy McGuire's greatest rôle to date was that of the mute in "The Circular Staircase," and Ida Lupino's plum part of all time was that of the stuttering waif in "Deep Valley." Ranging in importance and public acclaim with these performances is that of Loretta Young as the deaf girl in "And Now Tomorrow."

One would think that these experiences, plus the thousand and one others which could be mentioned had we the space, would satisfy one actress for a lifetime. Far from it in the case of Loretta Young.



Abbott and Costello, with Cathy Downs, deal in "dough" in Eagle Lion's "The Moose Hangs High."

Today, at thirty-three, she feels that her previous acting has been an apprenticeship for her new career. She feels that, having been seasoned in the storms of drama and the merry sunshine of high comedy, she is ready to undertake an exciting new task. Stated as simply as possible the new task is this: working in pictures which have a basic human importance, yet whose story is told with such skill that audiences are entertained in preference to being affronted by what is too-obvious propaganda. "The Perfect Marriage" was the first picture in the new cycle, dealing as it did with the problem of hasty divorce. But full stride was reached in "The Farmer's Daughter."

When Loretta Young was first given the script for this picture stressing the need for an enlightened electorate, the responsibility for cleaning up politics, Loretta shook her head ruefully. "It's a fine script," she said with real regret, "but the girl, Katie, must have a Swedish accent to keep the values of the story. And she must be blonde, with ropes of braids."

Producer Dore Schary reassured her. "We'll get the coach who trained Ingrid Bergman out of her accent, to train you into one. And we'll solve the hair problem by supplying you with the most gorgeous set of blonde wigs you've ever seen."

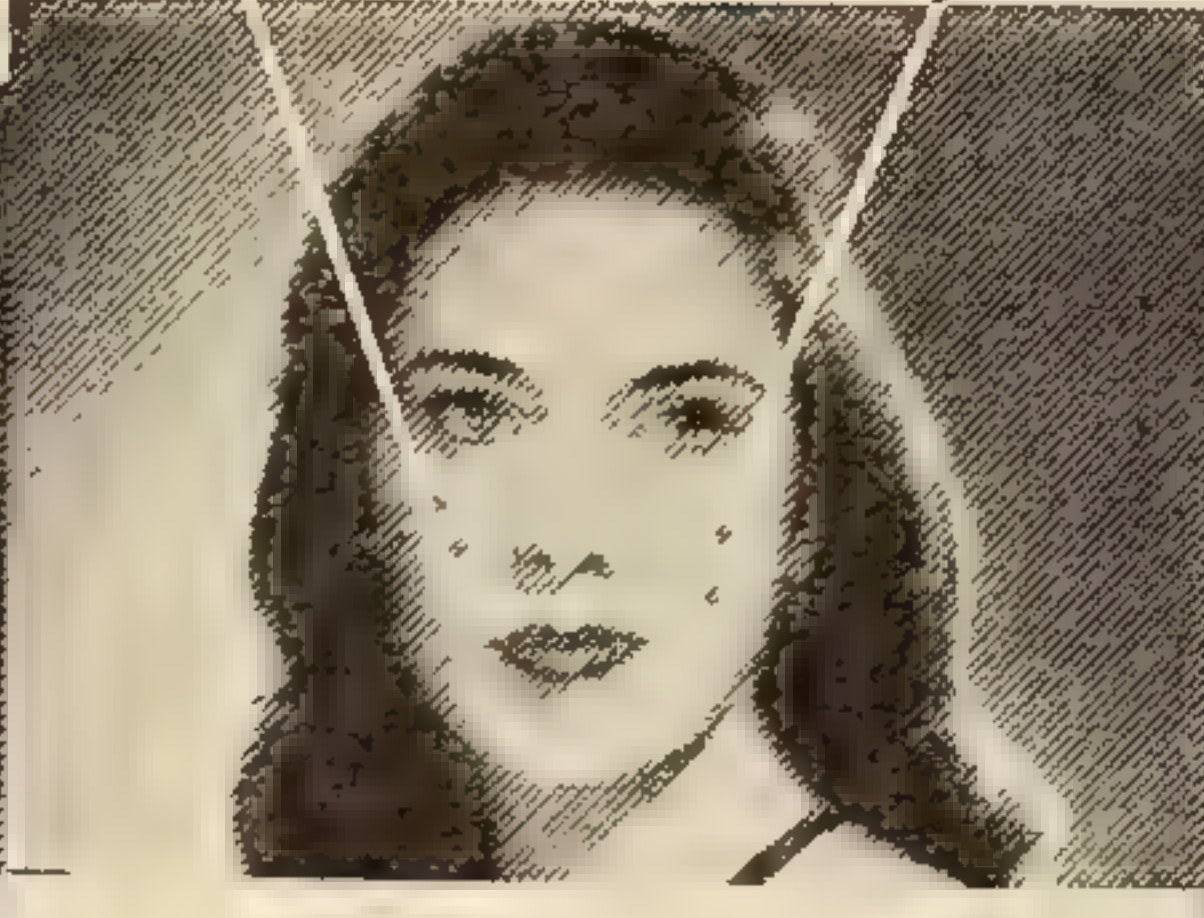
During the production of the picture, Loretta endured the same trepidation she had known as a youngster just beginning her career. She couldn't believe that the accent was coming off satisfactorily; she wasn't certain that her performance had the pastoral simplicity and the unconscious dignity demanded by the rôle. She worried. That she needn't have distrusted herself has been proved, not only by box-office records the country over, but by the flood of congratulatory mail which she and the studio have received.

Oddly enough, Loretta Young, in establishing her new career, is adopting several new practices in her personal life. During all her nineteen years of successive hits, she has never kept a scrap book! However, after completion of "The Farmer's Daughter," the still photographer assigned to the picture compiled every still picture taken, placed them in glassine pockets and had them bound. Loretta was so delighted by this record of production that she decided to amass stills from every picture she has ever made. At the moment, those aiding her in this stupendous task have collected five and six thousand glossy photographs.

Don't misunderstand this gesture. It doesn't mean that Loretta Young, the most modest of actresses, has suddenly begun to take life seriously. Not at all. It means that she has decided, after nineteen years, that she has established a career that isn't going to explode like soap bubbles in her fingertips. And, since she now feels that the job is steady, she is sketching in—photographically—her progress to date in order that her three youngsters (adopted Judy, who is now eleven, Christopher and Peter, who are three and two, respectively) may also observe the road their beautiful mother has traveled.

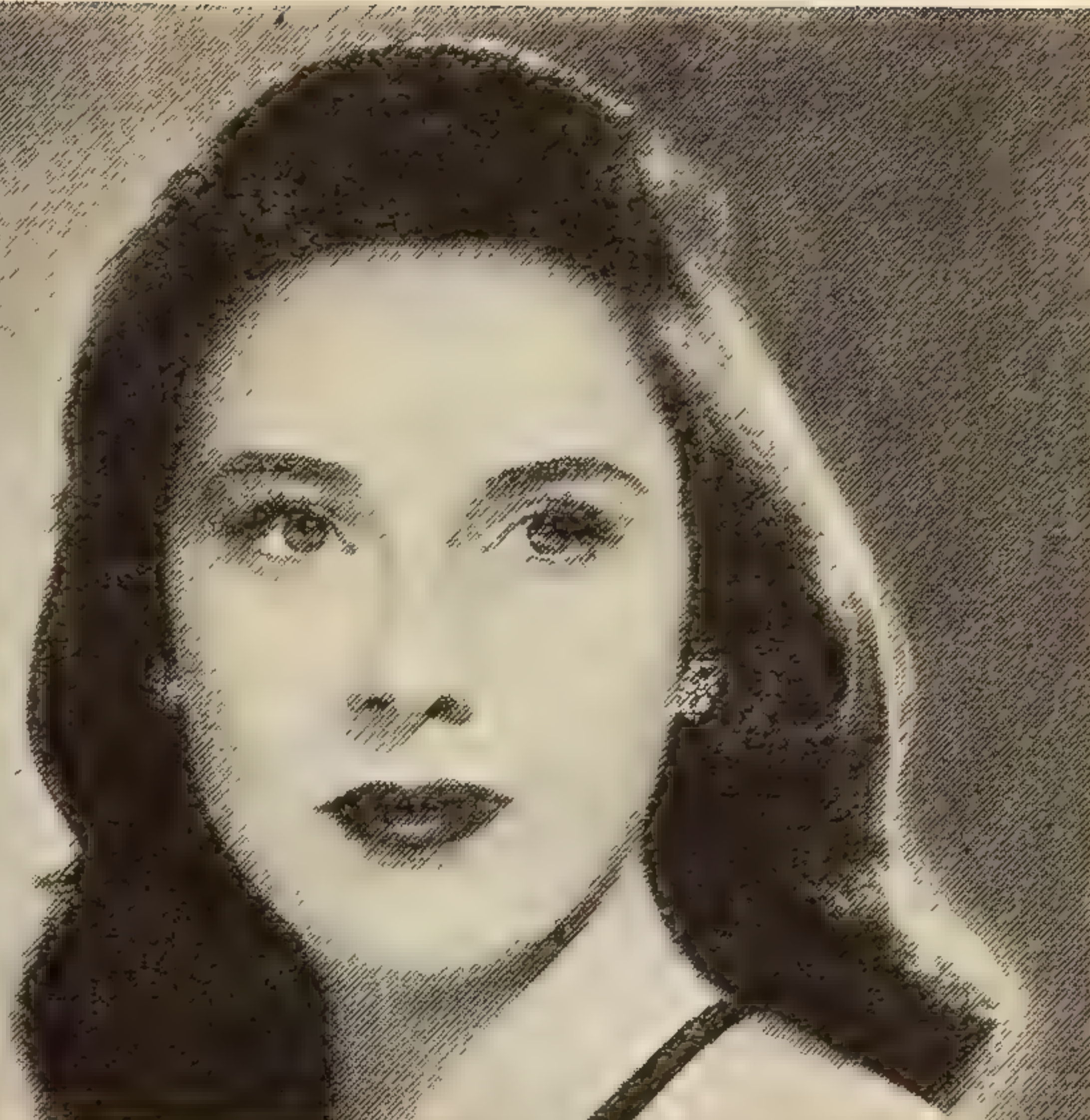
Loretta has now allowed herself the first hobby of her career: she has become

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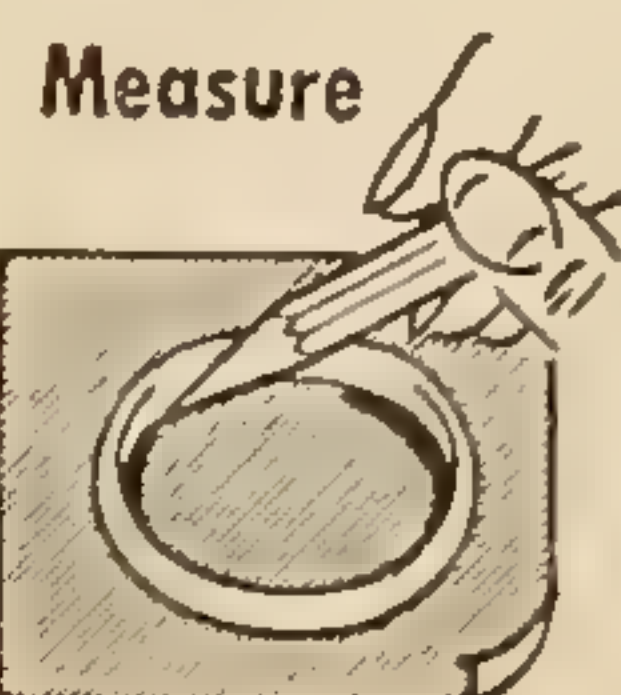
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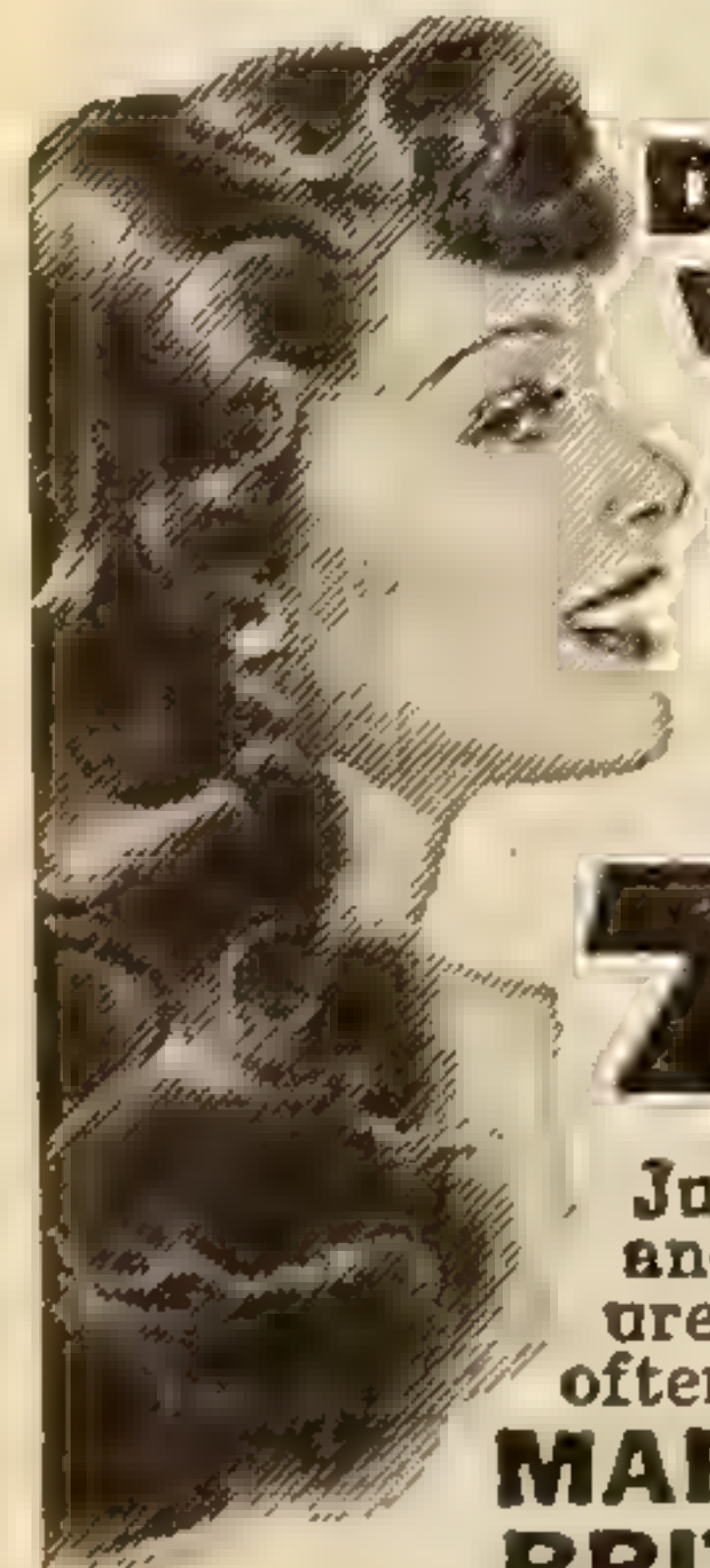


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a lenser, clicking off dozens of magazines or negatives every weekend.

Not long ago, Judy's dancing class was to give its first recital on the terrace of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Loretta and her handsome husband, Tom Lewis, were an eye-filling couple. Tom, who is very bronzed, whose hair is dark and thick on top and whose temples are graying, was immaculate in a white linen suit. Loretta was the personalized Spirit of Summer in a slim white two-piece suit of braided silk ribbon. With this she wore white glacé kid gloves, a pair of white doeskin sandals (with three-inch heels), and a romantic white leghorn cartwheel hat ablaze with artificial field flowers. Utterly un-selfconscious no matter how she is dressed, Loretta was oblivious to the attention she was getting from other parents of the dancing class and from Sunday idlers around the pool, because of her intense concentration on her task of photographing the dances.

She stooped to get an angle shot. She

stood on a small stool to secure a panorama shot. She walked slowly backward across the tiled surface, hoping to take in the entire chorus. Back, back, back. . . . Tom Lewis leaped to her side and placed a restraining hand under her elbow. "So far and no farther, my dear," he said, grinning.

Loretta looked over her shoulder. One more backward step would have taken her into the swimming pool. "—and I would have made a fine public spectacle of myself," she said afterward in amused horror.

Said her husband, "No, you wouldn't have. I feel certain that you would have bobbed to the surface, still wearing hat and gloves and still clutching your camera, in time to thank your rescuers most graciously."

A sensible suggestion, really, because even if Loretta is beginning a new career, she will remain what she has always been: a great lady and a modest, unpretentious human being.

On an Island with Montalban

Continued from page 25

of the Border, with the lithe, graceful carriage of the Mexican. And on the day I saw him he wore the characteristic high-built trousers held in place by narrow suspenders. They emphasized his narrow waistline and tapering hips. Around his neck was a chain and the St. Christopher medal he always wears.

On screen or off, he's one of the most natural men I've ever met, this in spite of the trail of praise that's been following him since "Fiesta" was released. He's unspoiled, a charming conversationalist, and if you've a yen to try your Spanish on him he won't laugh at you but will help you with your pronunciation.

On location at Winter Haven, he and Peter Lawford, also in "On an Island with You," were together most of the time. They're great pals, fun-loving, carefree jokesters, whether clowning with Ricardo's guitar or bantering back and forth.

Ricardo's entry into the United States was so uneventful that even the customs officer paid no attention to the young man. He came here in 1939, to become an engineer, and his family in Mexico are still highly miffed because he changed his mind.

He learned to act by way of Fairfax high school, Los Angeles, where he enrolled for public speaking and English. When the teacher offered him a small part in a school play he accepted. In the next play he quite naturally fell into the leading rôle.

The idea of acting appealed to his artistic sense but it upset his parents, who did what they could to stop him. His brother sided with his parents—doubtless because he had tried to become a dancer, with no great success. Nothing stopped Ricardo. He went east, joined a summer stock company and set himself to earnest, serious study. He liked musical comedy, since he has a good baritone voice and an easy, natural gift for danc-

ing. Instead, he has been called on to do a variety of acting tricks, and now appears destined for straight, American acting.

He enjoyed "Fiesta" because many of the scenes were shot in Mexico, not far from his home. For some of the scenes a hacienda was highlighted by fluorescent paint and peons in that neighborhood thought, and still think, the place was haunted.

Ricardo liked the feel and flavor of the exciting bullring scenes in "Fiesta" because, he explained, bullfighting is in the Mexican's blood, and Mexican boys try fighting the bull just as American youth try kicking the pigskin over the goal line.

Ricardo is proud of his family. "I've been married and have two children—that's not bad, is it?" he asked.

There's no reason to ask why little Laura, niece of Loretta Young, should be named Laura. As for the baby, he was born on St. Mark's day, and Ricardo and Georgianna both being devoutly religious, they named him Mark, for the saint.

Ricardo is an excellent impersonator, in English or Spanish, and he spent an amusing half-hour speaking Spanish in different dialects—as one would hear it spoken in Cuba, South American republics, and by Americans in our own United States.

He likes people, and on location at Winter Haven enjoyed signing autographs and joking in friendly camaraderie with members of the cast and working crew in the dining room and on the set.

He's especially fond of music and for a hobby collects symphonic records. By the time he is finished he hopes to have collected the music of all parts of the world. After all, he says, he's a family man, and what better contentment could be found, he wants to know, than sitting of an evening in his living room, with his pretty wife, listening to the music they both love so well.

The Love-Her-Hate-Her Girl

Continued from page 27

pushed her into the arms of John Garfield in "Body (huh!) and Soul," and now they're barricading themselves in their pickled-pine offices to withstand the furore they hope will descend upon them once the picture is in general circulation. *That's* how hot they think she is.

With Hazel already the talk of the town, the producers of "Sleep, My Love" decided that Hazel, and only Hazel, was good enough to play the sex menace in their picture. Which isn't bad—is it?—getting loaned-out before she's hardly been seen!

Plus that body, and all that super-charged electricity she lugs around with her, she's even got a brain tucked in under that exotic hairdo. Brain, and nerve, and a chin stuck out to *there* ready for action. She likes people only if she wants to, not because she has to. She'll have a rip-roaring fight with anyone in town about politics, real estate, or longer hemlines (and she's taken on the

ear), then go out and bar ashtray for some Everybody either one's neutral.

the saltiest in town, th hells, damns, and stinks. Yet elegant Cedric Gibbons Mrs. G.) up there in Bel-Air as one to Getting the idea that

girl? Well, that's what tell you. And hold on, 'cause is better as she grows on you.

owns one of the snazziest wardrobes in town (or maybe clothes just look that way on her, draped over those sumptuous curves)—even though she doesn't get the red-carpet treatment at most of the better salons. She howls with delight: "I told a reporter once that clothes were too expensive—no dress should cost more than fifty bucks. Damned if the reporter didn't put it in his column and get me in red with all the designers out here! I can't even walk into a dress-shop in Beverly Hills—but you think I care? Hell, no! I dream up my own designs and I have a little dress-maker whip them up for me. So we're all happy."

She's reminiscent of the late Carole Lombard—or she will be when she gets a little older and has more time to temper all that freshness and verve. Right now, she's strictly in a class all her own. She overwhelms everybody. First time she was interviewed she welcomed the reporter, one of the quietest men in town, with a physique-scanning look and a playful "you're a queer-looking duck." Next day, after faithfully promising the studio to be good, she acknowledged an introduction to an important studio contact named James Fortune by pausing a few seconds before shaking hands, then winking and coming through with "Your name's not James, Buster, it's 'Whata'—get it? Whata Fortune!"

She insists she was born in Capetown, South Africa, the daughter of a roving

sea-captain, colorful as the dickens, whose name was not Brooks, and whose right name she'll never tell. But her first memories of anything definite find her in Brooklyn, N. Y., where she was slaying her drooling ten-year-old colleagues at school by calling them little stinkers. As she progressed to high school, she grew even crisper and curvier, and dismissed every Brooklyn male under sixteen as immature, unpoised, and unambitious.

At seventeen, she decided that since her shape could cause such a riot in Ancient History and Botany, it could probably get her through Med. school, too. So becoming a Conover model, first, she earned a pretty penny in the daytime posing for McClelland Barclay, Robert Harris, James Montgomery Flagg, and other gents like that who know what beauty is all about. Nights, then, she took classes at Fordham, and became so knowing in philosophy that today she is capable of talking anyone under the table on Aristotle, Nietzsche, and St. Thomas Aquinas. Of the philosophy professors at Columbia, she calls them, "those pragmatists—what do they know?"

Couple of years later she managed to tear herself away from Spinoza and the toothpaste ads long enough to come to Hollywood, at MGM's expense, and see if she could make a living as a movie star. "It was lousy, the whole thing," she says. "They gave me a scene from Noel Coward—hell, you know how thin and unreal his stuff is—well, I just couldn't read the lines. I stank." So she married art director Cedric Gibbons, one

of Metro's richest and most substantial executives, and moved up to Brentwood to live in splendor in the sharply-angled palace he had built for his ex-wife, Dolores Del Rio.

Soon as running that household became a bore, she talked Gibbons into selling it to Van Johnson—"after all, the neighborhood was running down and we'd never be able to get back all the money we'd put into it, so we sold, quick—took a loss, anyway. Cost \$130,000. Van paid \$125,000." A steal!

Out of murky Brentwood, and Hazel got herself ensconced in another dream house, in Bel-Air, this time. Up there she's very happy—and she should be. It's like living on top of the world.

But the exhibitionistic bug was still alive in all those splendid turns and angles. Funnier-looking tomatoes than Hazel Brooks were stars, she argued with herself, and they probably couldn't read Noel Coward lines, either. First sniff she had, then, from Enterprise's Billy Selwyn, she took the test for "Arch of Triumph." Later, when the chance came up for "Body and Soul," she took a test for that, too.

"So did ten other babes," she continues. "Ten of us, all getting the same business! Nerve-wracking. I wanted the part because it represented a challenge," said the kid from Brooklyn.

A challenge?

"Sure," continued the high priestess of Tortuosso Road. "It meant playing a babe from Brooklyn—I'd really have to act!"

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AMONG THE MISSING

In the storm scene described below you will find fifteen blanks which represent missing words. Each of these blanks can be filled in with the last name of a well-known movie player. The names all fit in logically and make good sense in the context. How many of the fifteen stars can you get?



During the storm the water in the _____ roared like surf. Electric _____ lines were down, trees in the _____ uprooted, even the bleachers at the _____ field were wrecked. The _____ on the roof of Farmer John's house was a mass of smashed boards.

When the continued _____ had ceased, John got his _____ from the garage and drove around his land. Since it was only the month of _____ it was too early for crops to be _____ enough to _____. Nevertheless great _____ had been caused during this blustery rainy _____. In a despairing _____ John said, "I _____ all my new planted crops aren't washed away. Heaven _____ the won't be another storm like this."

WHO'S IN WHAT?

Believe it or not, those peculiar looking phrases you see in the column at left below are the titles of movies you have been seeing in the past few months. The letters are all mixed-up, of course, and so are the names of stars in the column at the right. For opposite each title is the name of one of the stars who played in that picture. Can you untangle them and straighten out who played in what?



- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. FEEL WERSE HITHER..... | EBB POOH |
| 2. MATERNEL ENGAGEMENTS..... | GERTRUD O'MICHOY |
| 3. ESCAPADE AT HERIN..... | PEGGY CROKER |
| 4. FISH BITES WHEPO..... | GRETA TOOLUNY |
| 5. HARGLE AT NIGHT..... | MYRTLE PEELISH |
| 6. ONSIDE YANKY..... | WANDA JORRCOF |
| 7. LADY SOB DOWN..... | LEIGH FRODJAN |
| 8. SHREWD VALIT..... | RHODA MOORULTY |
| 9. CATOM WING..... | RAMSAS JEWETT |
| 10. NOCOTY..... | ALIDA REANY |

ALL OVER WITH AN

The combination of letters A N occurs in the last names of at least sixteen movie stars. Below, you are given the positions in which A N appears in these sixteen names, with blanks representing the other letters. Given this clue, how many of them can you fill out? As you can see by the location of the blanks, several of the answers are interchangeable with others.



- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. A N - - - - | 9. - - - - A N |
| 2. - A N - - - | 10. - - - - A N |
| 3. - A N - - - | 11. - - - - A N - |
| 4. - - A N - | 12. - - - - A N - |
| 5. - - A N - - - | 13. - - - - A N |
| 6. - - - A N | 14. - - - - A N - - |
| 7. - - - A N | 15. - - - - - A N |
| 8. - - - - A N | 16. - - - - - A N - |

Answers on page 80



Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 51

can no more be stopped than movies or magazines.

Hey, what a wonderful chick that Marilyn Maxwell is! We had a real ball when she fell into "Robbins' Nest" and took over the joint—lock, stock, and barrelhouse. We sang along with records together, she phoned one of the members who had a birthday and just about floored him by singing "Happy Birthday," etc. Whee! She dotes on good jazz and "The Velvet Fog," Mel Torme, puts her up on a turquoise cloud. (Move over, Max, and lemme sit next to you.) You'll be diggin' her soon in "Race Street," as a brunette, hey. Ah, she could have purple locks and would still come on like a spring breeze. Hubba!

But what's with the nice noise?

HEAVENLY

MEL TORME: "The Velvet Fog"—here's his first album and it's merely great! Big kick seeing our handle for him splashed all across the cover. And one listen and you'll be up on that turquoise cloud with Maxwell and F. R. Mel was never in better fog and he wraps his delicate tonsils tenderly, with beautiful musical thought, around six great standards: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Three Little Words," "I'll Always Be in Love with You," "Love, You Funny Thing," "The Day You Came Along," and "Fine and Dandy." No wonder MGM lifted his option for two pictures this year. The guy comes on like angel wings. (Musicraft)

WOODY HERMAN: "I Told Ya I Love Ya Now Get Out," "If Anybody Can Steal My Baby." The Herd's got a long road to hoe to approach the high-wax mark left by the old Herman gang. First biscuit by the new band is a brace of novelties with Woodrow's plumbing, and 'tis *tres* adequate, but the glory is still in the offing. Some great musicians in the new band and they must've cut some wonderful stuff before Dec. 31. So we'll be diggin' it for cert, before too long, pretty please. (Columbia)

KING COLE TRIO: Don't let anyone derail you as you wend your way to the jump dump for Nat's fresh album with six sets of grooves oozing with the fertile sound of the gleesome threesome. Nat chirps on four of 'em, "Makin' Whoopee," "Too Marvelous for Words," "I'll String Along with You," and "This Is My Night to Dream." Gee, the guy could even make "Near You," (if you'll pardon the expression) sound good. It's strictly instrumental on "Honeysuckle Rose," and "Rhumba Azul." Nat's like pistachio nuts—you can never get enough. (Capitol CC 59) And then there's a single King Cole cookie, "I Feel So Smoochy Tonight" and "What'll I Do," which is simply triple peachy and well worth your little ear any day, afternoon or night.

PERRY COMO: Hey, here's the kid from Canonburg, Pa., cutting your sideburns neatly and discreetly with "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling," and it bounces

for a change. Guy should do more jump stuff. Turn him on his tummy for the one you've been hummin' so much lately, "Pianissimo," which everyone and his brother has baked. Perry does it with a sprinkling of *marinara* and *fagiola* and is that bad? (Victor)

SPIKE JONES AND HIS CITY SLICKERS: "My Old Flame," "People Are Funnier Than Anybody." "I saw that eye winking and blinking at me!" screams Paul Frees in one of the most hilarious slabs of tallow ever to come from the Jones boys. Frees does an imitation of Peter Lorre that defies your ear. He lays down a ghoulish cackle that will "drive you sane" as he builds to an hysterical climax as a body-snatching, incendiary crackpot, who dips his sweet-heart in gasoline, then strikes a match. Turn the Jones boys on their tummies for a comedy calypso with everything but the kitchen sink thrown in. Even that gets in for the finale, Sally. Dick and Freddy Morgan are the plumbers. (Victor)

FRANK SINATRA: "My Cousin Louella," "What'll I Do." Hey, Nancy's Daddy's leaning against a trio again: Johnny Guarneri, piano; Tony Mottola, guitar; and Herman Alpert, bass—which means relaxation as he hips you 'bout a chick from the sticks, I mean, his cousin 'bout whom all the cats are buzzin', or as *Variety* would say, "Hicks pick sticks chicks." Flip wraps all those gorgeous Axel Stordahl strings around Frankie for Irving Berlin's hit of 1924, and after this cookie—hit of 1948. Frank is at his ever-lovin' "gonest" on "But Beautiful," some exquisite sound from "Road to Rio" by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen—but def one of the big smash hits of the year. T'other face of this etching, "If I Only Had a Match," "wha hoppens" when you run out of lighting fluid—a whole gang of day dreams starts, first the cigarette, then a girl, then a house in the country. So better keep a supply of matches on hand, old man. Golden sound! (Columbia)

BENNY GOODMAN: Mop! Rachel's old man has that wonderful old Goodman sound again! And I'm not just whistlin' "Near You." (Heaven forbid!) The because is that Fletcher Henderson did the arrangements on "Ooooh! Look-a-There, Ain't She Pretty?" *avec* some nice belch by Emma Lou Welch, Benny's *oiselle nouvelle*, and "Sweet and Lovely," an enticing slicing that comes on like Gibraltar. Great to hear the Goodman band sound like it did on Columbia and Victor, and if Fletcher sticks around it will. He did oodles of the great B.G. classics, you know. (Capitol)

BING CROSBY: Wasn't the owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates as wonderful as strawberry shortcake in "Road to Rio"? Improves with age, though his tonsil product is inconsistent. But the guy is such an institution, who cares, hey? Bing binds his bronchial tubes around "Golden Earrings," "Ballerina," "Pass That Peace Pipe" and "Suspense," on the newest grooves. Latter was scribed by Al Rinker,



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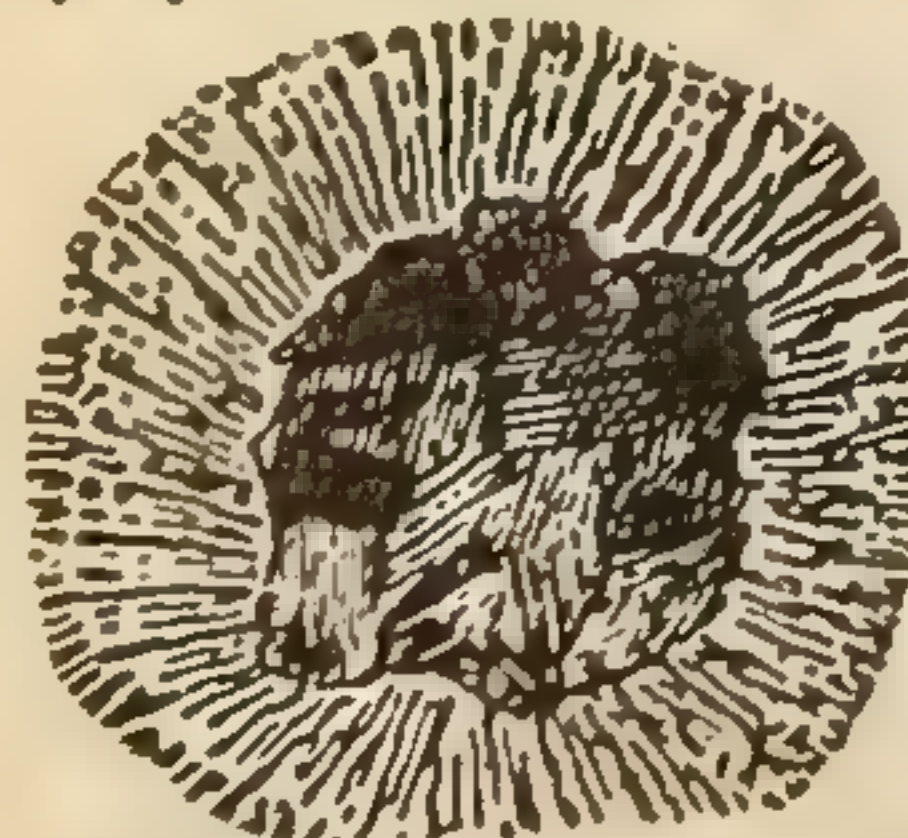


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one of the Rhythm Boys, the trio that spawned the era of Crosbyana, Anna. Long may his tonsils wave! (Decca)

PEGGY LEE: "Manana," "All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart." Hey, Pedro, where is the material? Mrs. Barbour needs some after this waffle. "Manana" was clefted by Mr. and Mrs. B. on a Brazilian kick, but is *tres* trite and not much "hoppens." Well, you can't write stuff like "Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back" every time. T'other face is nowhere, too. Just a waste of a style that can ordinarily drop its anchor in my ear any day. But not on these, Louise. After "Golden Earrings," this is a scrawny cookie. (Capitol)

JOHNNY MERCER AND THE PIED PIPERS: The Georgia cracker on the lacquer—battin' out a barrage of groovey *fromage* with those ever-lovin' Pipers. There's a hunk or advice for you heavy-breathing Harrys—"Never Make Eyes at a Gal with a Guy Who Is Bigger Than You," or you'll find that frame in a horizontal position. Flip is "That's the Way He Does It," 'bout a cat with some peculiar habits, maybe like raw snails, sautéed slowly in lamb fat and peanut oil—but so what! Then J.M. dips into the score from "Road to Rio" for some Brazilian bounce from the Rio Chamber of Commerce, with that South American moon in your eyes and that Señorita in your arms and that look in her eyes. "You Don't Have To Know the Language," Jack. Everything'll be real cool. Backside's "My Gal Is Mine Once More" from "Inside U.S.A.," with Bea Lillie, on the apple right now. S'an ode to a jack who makes the same mistake twice by rechaining himself to his first spouse. (Capitol)

DORIS DAY: My gal "Sparkle Plenty" with that confectionery voice that melts in your ear, dear, and a brace of sugary lumps, "That's the Way He Does It" and "Why Should We Both Be Lonely." Dodo's gonna sparkle like her blonde pate all the way from Brooklyn to Beverly Hills. (Columbia)

HIGH BUTTON SHOES: *Voici*, the Victor album of one of the biggest hits of the season, still going strong! All the gay and infectious *rebaforbis* of this nostalgic delight is snared in this album with its colorful picture of a small burg in 1913. The whole original gang is 'tween the grooves, too. Phil Silvers, Nannette Fabray, Mark Dawson, Lois Lee, etc., with potsful of happy muttering on all those wonderful tunes you've been singin' for so long, "Can't You Just See Yourself," "Nobody Ever Died for Dear Old Rutgers," "There's Nothing Like a Model T," "I Still Get Jealous," "You're My Girl," "On a Sunday by the Sea," "Get Away for a Day," and "Papa, Won't You Dance With Me." Only thing left out is that thrilling ballet about the Mack Sennett era. But you'll be seeing it for sure in the movies some day! (Victor album K 10)

VAUGHN MONROE: Ugh-h—the kid with the clothespins on his nose and muscles on his tonsils keeps oozing onto the wax with that frustrated concert baritone. Stop screaming, you Monroe fans! We like the guy, but that voice, hey! Anyhoo, there's "How Soon,"

"True," "Passing Fancy," and "In a Little Book Shop," if you must mistreat your ear. (Victor)

GORDON MACRAE: Here's how you can soothe it, though. Just glue it to the tracks of Heather and Meredith's Daddy's freshest waffle, "Thoughtless," and "You Were Meant for Me," from the picture of the same handle. Gordie's larynx is as rich as baked Alaska and just as delish. Vaughn Monroe, please copy. Watch for Mac in Warner Bros. products any time now. He's gonna come on like Gable! (Capitol)

DINAH SHORE: Mrs. Montgomery's got those 2 A.M. and 6 A.M. bottle blues these early brights, or maybe its George who feeds that new rascal, but they can always lend the needle to Mom's latest crushed black dumplings to put her to sleep. "The Best Things in Life Are Free," "At the Candlelight Cafe," "In a Little Book Shop" and "I'll Always Be in Love with You." It is such sound as your ear, too, can go for without fear of demeaning itself. Such nice gurgles Melissa's Mama makes. (Columbia)

HOT!!!

DIZZY GILLESPIE: Watch it, the rafters are rising! The King of Be-Bop bangs out a "Two Bass Hit" right between left and center that'll have you strippin' your gears, dears. 'Tis the sequel to "One Bass Hit" and spots more fine bass work by Ray Brown, Ella Fitzgerald's new hubby. Flipover's another ample sample of the great Gillespie gang that goes just like Jesse James for money in the bank! A boodle of a bop! (Victor)

THELONIOUS MONK: D'ya ever hear that name, Thelonious Monk? Well, you will 'cause he's the best known and most admired guy among modern musicians as the originator and genius of "Be-bop." T.M. is a very elusive character and could never be held in one place long enough to be recorded until Blue Note records took enough interest to practically live with him until they waxed a goodly portion of his amazing efforts. These are the first solo efforts of "The Monk" on wax, "Thelonious" and "Suburban Eyes." Guy's completely original and loaded with radical harmonies. On this cookie he surrounds himself with young musicians who are in the same groove, making for a brace of superb faces. (Blue Note)

LUCKY THOMPSON: While the *badinage* is a bop, best bend that bean to Lucky Thompson's most aspicuous debut for Victor which gets right to the white meat. Some "gone" cats on both sides—Benny Carter, alto; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Neil Hefti, trumpet; Barney Kessel, guitar; and Lucky, of course, on tenor sax. "Boppin' the Blues" makes you hang on tightly to keep from soaring right off the planet, Janet, and the flip is lush and like a night at sea, "Just One More Chance," with Lucky on tenor all the way, which ranks with some of the best tenor work ever etched. (Victor)

ELLA FITZGERALD: The absolute, irrefutable, unquestionable END! That's Ella! And this waffle's one of her deathless classics reissued by Decca, "Stairway to the Stars" and "Out of Nowhere."



Ida Lupino and Collier Young plan double-ring wedding ceremony early in May.

All the great timing and wonderful intonation is all thru these grooves and ever present in her singing today. One of this kid's biggest boots will be her biscuit of "Robbins' Nest." (Decca)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: This is the same group with which Pops has been packing concert halls all over the Eagle's Nest, with "Big Gate" Jack Teagarden and company. Louis wraps his infectious gravelly larynx all around a brace of novelties which are down with it and around with it. "I Want a Little Girl," the old McKinney Cotton Picker's hit and "Joseph and His Brudders," Louis' version of the old Biblical tale. There's a good load of that matchless horn. (Victor)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

Still lying in wait for you to whistle me an epistle. 'Cause this is the spot, Dot, where we snap on that thinking cap and rack the gray matter to answer all the who's, what's and why's. So spin in some linen, hey. Just put the carbon stick on the pulp and we'll try and polish off your teasers *molte allegro*.

Dear Fred: In the movie "The Fabulous Dorseys," Jimmy and Tommy presented a phonograph to their parents. Pop insisted on playing a record "just one more time" and I can't forget that number nor remember it. What was that song? It's haunting me.

Sincerely,
Claudine Lee,
Manhattan, Kans.

Dear Claudine: That was the Dorsey Bros. orchestra's theme song, "Sandman," on an old Decca record. Benny Goodman also waxed it for Victor.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Hey, that SCREENLAND column is really *vout*. Used to dig you on the 1280 club when I was stationed back in Jersey. I was sent out to sunny Calif. and now dig you on your Columbia Record shop. Can you slip me some info on Corky Corcoran? What happened to him?

Sincerely,
John Kerr, USAAF,
San Diego, Calif.

Dear John: Corky is back with Harry James. He left for a while, when Jessie's daddy was disbanded, but he's blowing as frantically as ever once again with Betty's boy.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Can you tell me some stuff about Jack Fina? I think he's wonderful. So is your column.

Sincerely,
Rae Otto,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Rae: Gee, thanks, hey. Jack's got his own band now on MGM wax and whether he'll go on tour or not is anyone's guess. The way the band business is now, it's all a question of who'll come to watch. How many can you bring? He's an ex-Brooklyn boy and was the guy on all the Freddy Martin concerti.

Recordially, F. R.

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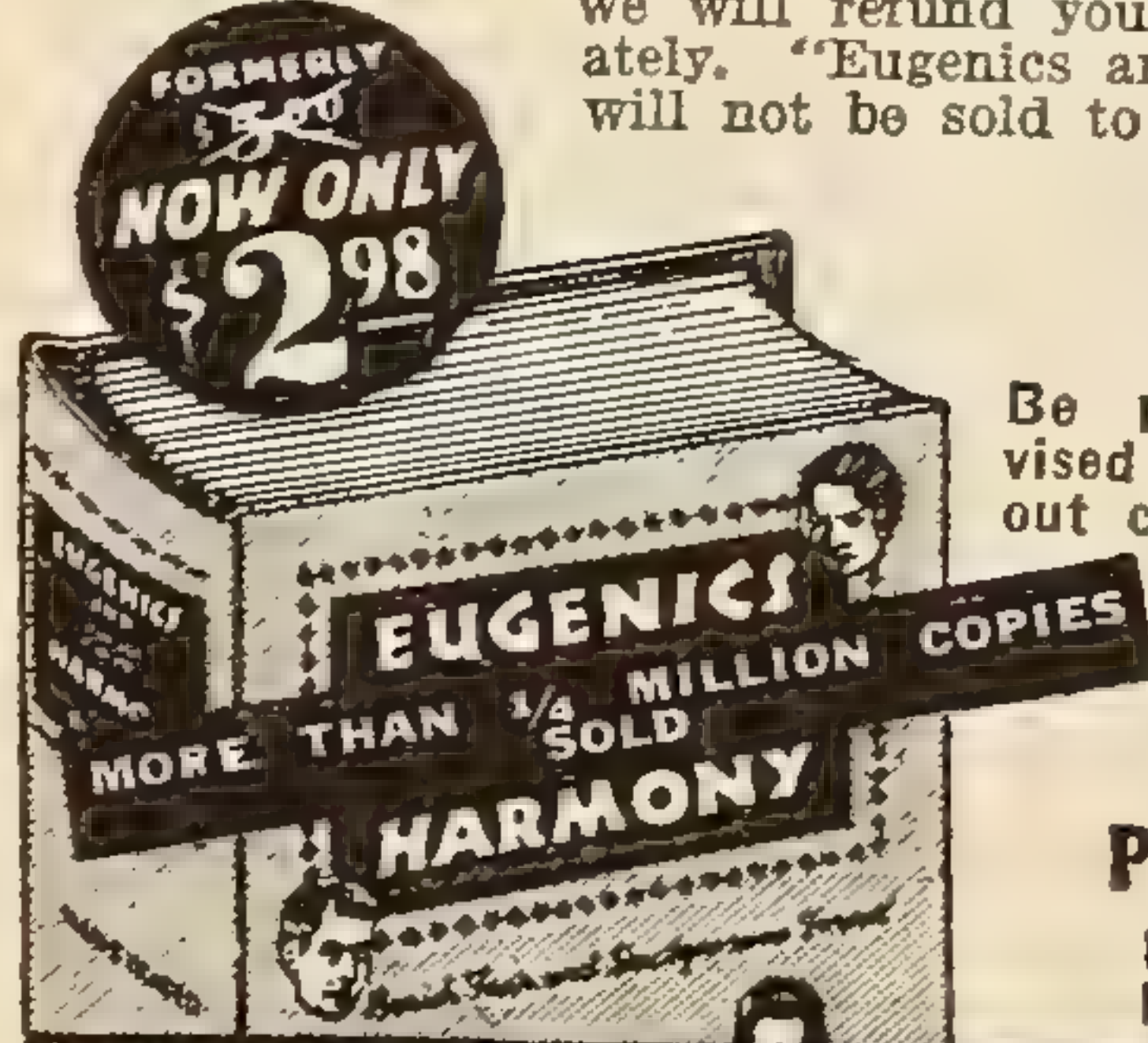
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Dear Fred: Got some background dope about Bob Eberle; like birth, how he got his first break, is he married, etc.? I know this is asking a lot but I'm interested in his career.

Sincerely,
Agnes Lovelace
Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Agnes: I understand. Bob's from up around your way—Hoosier Falls, N. Y., and started with the Dorsey Bros. band, made his big name with Jimmy when he organized his own band, is chained and is one of the nicest and most liked guys in the music business. For his pix, write to Decca Records.

Recordially, F. R.

Dorina Langbak, Bangor, Me.: Jack Sperling, Tex Beneke's drummer is a young guy who was with Tex in the

Navy. He's from Texas, and is in his twenties.

Leo J. Wilson, Adak, Alaska: For that Charley Christian album, write to Vox Records, 236 W. 55th St., N. Y. C.

Barbara Lamon, Devine, Texas: Woody's new cookie is reviewed a few pages back.

Mrs. Grace Felicioni, Niagara Falls, N. Y.: Phil Brito's latest cookie is "An Old Sombrero" and "Where Do You Work-a John"—on Musicraft.

Antonia Shortino, York, Pa.: Lucienne Boyer is French and recently appeared at Café Society in the concrete jungle. (N.Y.)

And that's the end of the space, Grace. Lay some linen on me, willya? Address Fred Robbins, c/o SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

"Should Actors Mix in Politics?"

Continued from page 38

that's why I spoke up. I'd like to make it clear that I'm going into such a lengthy discussion because I feel that such letters as the one I received should be answered and because I feel wrong impressions should be corrected. And I want to make it doubly clear that my stand does not mean I'm a Communist. I definitely am not. I'm only fighting for the American type of justice for all.

HOLLAND: That wasn't the first time you had taken sides politically, was it, Greg?

GREG: Definitely not. I'm on the Hollywood Democratic Committee, I was on the Will Rogers for Senator committee, and I worked actively for the election of the late President Roosevelt. I shall continue to take sides and express myself publicly on whatever I sincerely believe. I'll not take sides to gain any limelight or to make others think my views are important, but I certainly have the right to be heard. I'm an average citizen—at least I don't think my being an actor has taken away that privilege—and if I have real facts on a topic, I shall certainly speak. And no letter or letters from any fans will make me run for cover. At the same time, however, I won't hop on every soap box just to hear myself talk.

HOLLAND: Well, already, we're getting controversy. What about you, Susan? You're very quiet. Have you ever taken sides politically?

SUSAN: No. And that's all I'm saying.

HOLLAND: What have any of you heard other actors say about this subject?

ANN SOTHERN: Well, the only opinions I've heard from people whom I respect are that actors should stay out of politics. I suppose I agree with that, but it's a hard thing to do when your own personal feelings and beliefs start working on you.

LON: Actors are like anyone else—even like kids in college. There were always those who were on debating teams or pushing one cause or another. Now, however, an actor is afraid to stick his neck out unless he has five pictures in

the backlog. That's what I've heard actors say.

GREG: That's entirely wrong, in my estimation. No actor should run and hide because he gets a few irate letters. That's not being honest. That's an actor denying himself his rights as a citizen. It's his duty to think of the important problems of the day, form his opinions, and discuss them with his fellow citizens. That's the consensus of opinion, too, from other stars with whom I've talked.

ANN BLYTH: Well, I just haven't heard any views expressed on the subject, so I can't add much.

GREG: There have been some I know who have said that being an actor or an actress is one job and being a politician is another. You can't be both. I'm not in favor of any star going into politics by running for office, but if just because he's in the acting profession automatically makes him a silent figure in matters of concern to him, then the same must apply to business men, lawyers, doctors, dentists, and what-have-you. Regardless of the job a person may have, he's still a citizen who elects his representatives in the government and who has the right to see that those representatives carry out his wishes.

SUSAN: Greg has pretty well covered the point, so I'll only add that as to what I've heard actors say—you'd be amazed!

HOLLAND: It does seem that Susie is being the mystery girl this month. But to continue, under what conditions do you feel an actor should take sides and express himself?

ANN BLYTH: Anything he feels intensely about, I suppose, but we actors do have the Screen Actors' Guild to speak up for us, so why so much emphasis on individual campaigning?

LON: But the Guild can't always speak out for an actor when he finds a situation that affects him idealistically. Something that really moves him. I'd stick my neck out only on something that means a lot to me—personally—like the First Amendment.

ANN SOTHERN: An actor should speak up mainly when it comes to any

humanitarian problems such as food for Europe—and he should also be heard on vital matters like the Palestine and Russian questions.

GREG: Whenever an actor feels a wrong is being done and he has an opportunity to put up a fight for what he believes is right, then he certainly should make himself heard. After all, he has the added privilege of having a name that may carry some weight and exert some influence, so he also has an obligation to others in that respect.

SUSAN: I shall only go as far as to say that if he believes in a cause, he should fight for it. What more can be said?

HOLLAND: All right then, Susan, maybe I can get you to commit yourself fully on this—under what conditions should he keep quiet?

SUSAN: Under all conditions when he's not equipped with the facts, pro and con. That seems to cover that.

GREG: But definitely! There's nothing worse than listening to a completely uninformed actor spout off.

LON: If it meant losing a good part because he spoke up on some issue, most actors would keep quiet. I would. I'm not such an idealist. I wish I were. None of us wants to be expelled from Hollywood, for though Hollywood may not be our entire life it is, at the moment, our entire livelihood.

GREG: That's where I think you're wrong, Lon. To run away is cowardly.

ANN BLYTH: I'll play safe and only add that since what an actor or an actress says receives so much attention and publicity, he or she should be careful to express facts and not idle opinions.

ANN SOTHERN: I can think of some actors who speak up just for the publicity they might get. Fortunately, no one pays any attention to them.

HOLLAND: We've discussed under what conditions an actor should speak up and when he should be quiet, so now do you think that being an actor makes him keep quiet or is he primarily a citizen?

SUSAN: Any citizen, no matter what his profession may be, has the right to speak his mind.

ANN BLYTH: Certainly! An actor has the same interest in his government as anyone else who works for a living, so he also has the right of free speech.

GREG: Yet some people have the idea that just because an actor makes more money than some, he shouldn't be allowed to open his mouth.

LON: In my case, the situation is evenly balanced—being an actor and a citizen. I'm just beginning to realize the importance of being a citizen. I think the Army woke me up to that. I'm aware now of obligations I shouldn't ignore. I do feel there are actors who can speak with authority but there are others who would be better citizens if they shut up.

ANN SOTHERN: Any actor or actress is first of all a citizen. But in voicing ideas, every person in our profession must be careful of the amount of dignity with which he makes his statements and the amount of dignity with which he conducts himself. There are, unfortunately, "joiners" in all kinds of business, so I do feel any actor who gives opinions should

first of all have the respect of his fellow actors—and citizens.

HOLLAND: Do you feel that an actor who mixes in politics hurts his box-office standing? Do people resent him enough to stay away from his pictures?

LON: I can only think of the case of Sinatra. He campaigned for Roosevelt actively and his following wasn't hurt any. He's still doing okay. I don't think any audience will stop seeing an actor if he's sincere in his purpose, if he's honest about the cause for which he fights.

ANN SOTHERN: I don't actually know about that, but it doesn't seem to have hurt any star's box-office, as far as I can tell.

GREG: I can't agree with such an optimistic view. I think there are a great many opinionated, confused people who, through no fault of their own, may resent an actor's view to the extent of boycotting his pictures. But even if that happens, it shouldn't deter him from his honest beliefs.

ANN BLYTH: I don't see why the box-office should be hurt. Actors aren't just machines. Why should free speech hurt his popularity? However, any uninformed viewpoint might be harmful.

SUSAN: Well, there are a few stars in Europe who rode Hitler's bandwagon who aren't doing so well today.

GREG: Box-office or not, there are still things I'd like to speak out on—because they seem important to me. I'd certainly support any measures to bring about full employment, I'd fight for the anti-poll tax and anti-lynching bills or anything to further racial tolerance, and I'd fight for the rights of labor. I know there are misuses and unfair practices among labor and that there are labor racketeers, but there are also errors on the other side. After all, labor represents many millions of Americans.

LON: Well, as for what I'd speak up for, if anyone would want to listen, I'd publicly support a presidential candidate I admired; I'd fight against the Ku Klux Klan or any anti-minority group. After all, being a minority is difficult enough without having people throw it at you. I had a touch of how that feels when I was in the Army. I was treated as a minority then because I was an actor, as odd an example as that may be.

ANN BLYTH: For my part, I'd speak up for any kind of legislation or program that would effectively combat juvenile delinquency. This kind of legislation is long, long overdue.

ANN SOTHERN: I'd also support openly a certain man if I believed he'd be a good president. I'd speak up too against Communism or anything that had the flavor of Communism connected with it. And, above all, I'll do everything to influence everyone to get out and vote.

SUSAN: Mark me down as supporting any cause or candidate I had faith in.

HOLLAND: With all this talk about actors mixing in politics, what do you think of the situation where pressure is either put on actors to make them take sides or to make them keep quiet?

GREG: I'm not aware of any "pressure" put on any star.

ANN BLYTH: I've never heard of any actor being "pressured." Some actors may

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be needled into taking sides, but the actual speaking up has always been and will continue to be voluntary.

LON: I've never been "pressured" to take any sides or to keep quiet, but if I were, I'd react violently against it. I'd rebel against such force and would do just as I pleased, regardless of any pressure.

SUSAN: I don't believe in any human being being "high-pressured," especially on political matters. Those who have "pressure" put on them should resist, and act as their conscience guides them. The only other recourse for an actor are his own integrity, to change his name, get out of the profession, or grow a beard and disappear into the wilds!

HOLLAND: And now we come to a rather vital subject—have actors' opinions ever brought about worthwhile legislation? In other words, how important are their opinions?

ANN BLYTH: I don't know of any such results, so I guess an actor's views aren't as important as some would make out.

ANN SOTHERN: I can only think of examples where actors' opinions failed to bring about the required ends. A while back, a good many of us in the business signed a bill protesting the proposed increase in tax on theater admissions in Chicago. We felt it would hurt pictures. Well, the tax is now a law. Then there are the nineteen who went to Washington to protest the investigation. They got nowhere. And there are the actors and actresses who went to Chicago to try to help settle the studio strike. The strike is still on.

GREG: I think you're mistaken on one thing, Ann. The nineteen who went to Washington merely went as a token protest. They didn't expect to bring about a termination of the investigation. As for actors bringing about any legislation, I don't think that by themselves they have done anything, but they have helped to form a public opinion that has led to the formation of fine laws.

LON: I can't think of any direct legislation resulting from moves by actors,

ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 74

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WHO'S IN WHAT:

1. "Where There's Life," Bob Hope;
2. "Gentleman's Agreement," Dorothy McGuire;
3. "The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck;
4. "The Bishop's Wife," Loretta Young;
5. "That Hagen Girl," Shirley Temple;
6. "Daisy Kenyon," Joan Crawford;
7. "Body and Soul," John Garfield;
8. "Wild Harvest," Dorothy Lamour;
9. "Magic Town," James Stewart;
10. "Tycoon," Laraine Day.

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but I do know that Frank Sinatra had a lot to do with making the country conscious of the need for measures to stem juvenile delinquency. And Eddie Albert is doing great things in the same way by actively helping many underprivileged kids. There's also Abbott and Costello's Youth Foundation. But no actor or group of actors can directly create legislation.

SUSAN: As far as electing a candidate is concerned, to take a somewhat different view of the topic, I think an actor's vote is more important than his opinion. His opinion is only important along with the ideas of many others.

HOLLAND: Now—for our final question: how can actors fight back at criticism directed at them for speaking their minds?

ANN BLYTH: My answer to any criticism would simply be that just because I'm an actress doesn't deprive me of the right to speak my own mind. I'm still a citizen.

SUSAN: And I say actors can't fight back.

GREG: In the same way actors *shouldn't* fight back. They should instead be honest with themselves and speak when they wish and keep quiet when they have nothing to say. That's been Eleanor Roosevelt's formula. No one has ever been more maliciously maligned and ridiculed than she, but she never fights back. She simply goes on leading her life according to her beliefs—and doing very well at it, I might add!

ANN SOTHERN: If I felt strongly about something, I'd not let any criticism stop me. I couldn't be frightened out.

LON: I can only add—if you go on publicly about a candidate or an issue and your side wins, be gracious to the loser. If you lose, accept it. But definitely, don't let mere criticism stop you from speaking up. That's something between you and your ideals.

ANN BLYTH: I'd like to add this as my final remark—actors are always being called upon to promote humanitarian campaigns, to give their time and effort for all kinds of benefits, so why shouldn't they speak on politics if they wish?

ANN SOTHERN: It'll be very interesting to me to note the behavior of actors and actresses in the next election. I'd like people who read this article, however, to write me their opinions.

SUSAN: You can have my opinion now, Ann—let actors mix in politics if they so desire.

GREG: You know my answer already. I'd like to add this, though. It seems to me that a finer line should be drawn between a liberal—which I am—and a Communist—which I am not. Apparently, you can't be a liberal and an American any more, and I think that's pretty dangerous.

HOLLAND: And that's a punchy close to a rousing discussion. Next month we'll get into something else that's important—"What Are a Newcomer's Chances in Hollywood?" This should be of real interest to many of you readers who have written to our stars for advice about planning a future career in the movies. Don't miss this big discussion! See you next month.

Dress Like a Movie Star!

Continued from page 22

As you know, Edith Head is Paramount's ace designer and has gowned an imposing percentage of Hollywood's most glamorous women, who, not contented to be superbly costumed only on the screen, have persuaded her to design their private wardrobes. That is the acid test of a theatrical couturiere's art. Furthermore, Edie herself is always a perfect example of what the well-dressed woman will wear at a given time, a given place, and for a specific purpose. From the crisp fringe of her thick black bangs to the soles of her Size 3 shoes, she is chic. When complimented upon a garment, Miss Head's reaction is comforting. She nearly always says, "You could wear this," or "You could wear this with just a few modifications."

In brief, her attitude is that *any* woman can wear *anything* provided certain basic figure rules are followed, and that the costume is selected—not because it is new, not because it is different, not because it is high fashion—but because it fits into the wearer's wardrobe on an activity basis.

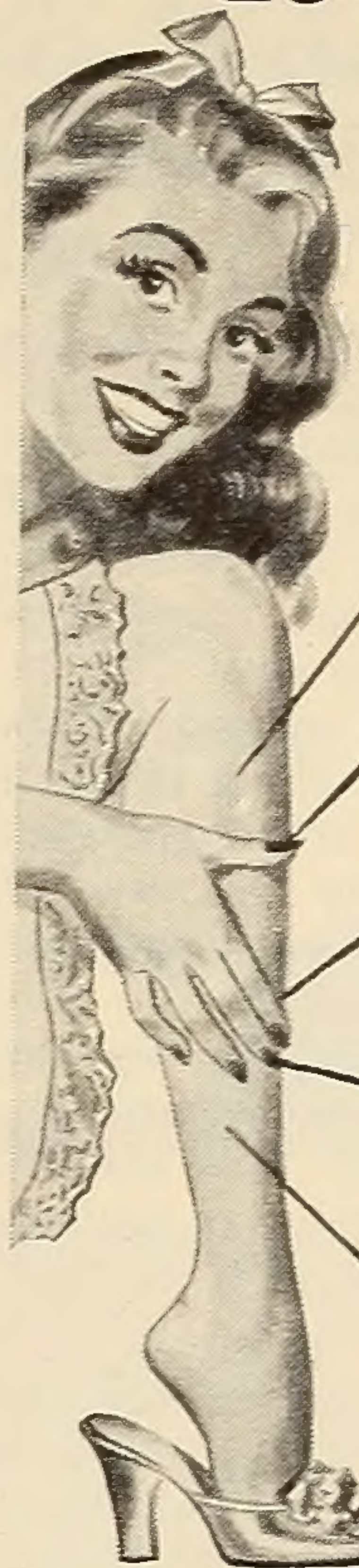
Before going into a discussion of *you*, and your fashion problem, Edith has something to say about the New Look, which she refuses to call by that name. She labels the present change in style, "the '48 Fashion." To understand the '48 Fashion, one should cast a backward glance at the '41 Fashion which stayed with us for seven years. In its way, the

'41 Fashion was as abused as any ever worn by woman in all her diverse form. If you don't believe this, just scan the next twenty women you meet on the street. You will see girls with the shoulders of football tackles, wearing shoulder pads adequate to enter a conference game. Shoulder pads were originally planned to improve the silhouette of women whose derrieres were—let's say—generous. High padding produces an optical illusion which diminishes the hips. Obviously, then, shoulder pads were never meant to be worn by girls constructed in the soda straw manner, yet twenty moments spent as an observer in a hotel lobby will show you a series of girl-and-a-half shoulder spans draping folds of fabric over half-a-girl hips.

Some women never did adopt the extreme shoulder pad fashion; two notable Hollywood rebels were Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Fontaine who are naturally broad-shouldered and narrow-beamed.

Another integrated part of the '41 Fashion was the short skirt. Yet this was not a 100% successful trend. The next time you are shopping, notice the number of thin girls in the passing parade who reveal an expanse of knobby knee, and observe the number of ample-girthed matrons who have the general look of a fumed oak table under a shrunken tablecloth. In Hollywood, Veronica Lake (who is petite) and Lizabeth

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Scott never wore their dresses shorter than fourteen inches from the floor.

It's true that the short skirts were neat, flattering to many, utilitarian, and—most important of all—conserved critical yardage. Yet when the Herculean shoulders of the era were combined with a doll-length skirt, the result was ludicrous. The unadulterated '41 Fashion was no more universally becoming than the unadulterated '48 Fashion is. It's all a matter of adaptation.

As Edith Head says, "Let's face it. An automobile designer brings out a new, frightfully expensive model each year. But if designers of clothing, bored by the same old line, attempt a refreshing influence, one would think that treason had been committed." And she adds, "Women need to be soothed at present. They need to be told that everything is going to be all right, that they aren't going to be permanently scarred by this rash of strange New Looks. But I must say that when I catch sight of some of the current get-ups, I am tempted to tap the wearers gently on the shoulder and explain 'You made a mistake. You shouldn't wear a boxy coat over leg o' mutton sleeves and a parachute skirt.'"

THE KEY:

Before a person can conquer the '48 Fashion, she should know that stylists have based current design on three general silhouettes: the pyramid (small blouse, tiny waist, voluminous skirt); the hour glass (modified Mae West); and the cocoon (somewhat reminiscent of a blanket-wrapped man with a bad cold, about to take a foot bath). The first fashion law is that the three can't be mixed.

A distraught star, haunted by fashion stories in some of our chi-chi magazines, and even more haunted by what some of her friends and neighbors were doing about their wardrobes, came to Edith Head in tears. "I don't want to look like a woman from Mars, but I don't want to look like a zombie from a bygone decade either," she moaned. "What's to do? What's to do?"

RELAX, RELAX!

"First of all," grinned Edie, "you'll have to make up your mind to plan your wardrobe as carefully as you plan your menus with your maid or as a bride plans her first dinner party. The clothing at present is exciting, but it's treacherous. Furthermore, this is not the year to invest in a complete new wardrobe, throwing away everything pre-'48. Also there are so many elements of the '48 Fashion that don't even speak to each other, say nothing of being seen together on the street, that you're going to have to decide which element will be best for you, then adopt it.

"Make up your mind what you are going to look like, then stick to that concept of yourself. Don't, for mercy's sweet sake, buy a Gibson Girl blouse to wear at a resort with ski pants. If you're going to be quaint, you've got to be quaint all in one era.

"I, personally, like the long skirts—but not too long. I love the little waists, and the full skirts, and the normal shoulders. I do not believe in padded hips, and I don't think American women will adopt

the style. Most American women have good figures, that is, their proportions are symmetrical. A petite girl will have a thirty-two bust, a twenty-two waist, and a thirty-three hip measure; a mature woman will have a thirty-eight inch bust, a twenty-nine inch waist, and a forty inch hipline. Each will give a good appearance. Each must decide what particular element of the '48 Fashion can be included in her wardrobe *with flattering results*. Women must learn right now to be less interested in high style and more interested in the color, the garment, and the silhouette most becoming to them as individuals. I know one beautifully dressed girl whose thin face, enormous eyes, and short hairdo are complimented by a Dutch collar, so she wears a Dutch collar on every garment she owns. Her

No business girl should get too trick, because there is nothing worse than looking picturesque while pounding a typewriter. So the thing to do is. . . ."

BEST BETS:

Edith continued her lecture to her eager friend by saying, "When in doubt, always buy a classic suit. The lines of the standard suit vary little from season to season, but for business there is nothing quite as good, quite as respect-inspiring, quite as appropriate.

"For resort wear, or for informal party wear, or for hamburger evenings at home, there is no reason why the average girl can't trick herself out in a Gibson Girl outfit, or a gingham bustle dress, or in any other madness she may desire.

"Evening wear may always be story-book garb; under artificial light the most improbable outfit becomes glamorous. It is in evening clothes that the '48 Fashion can be captured by everyone.

"If a girl wants to participate more completely, the thing to do is to buy blouses and skirts in the '48 motif. The blouses (aside from the Gibson type) will be good for many seasons. The skirts, voluminous and circular as they are, can later be turned into slim skirts, or skating capes, or a suit for little Willie.

"The most important thing to remember is that there is no excuse for a clothes panic. There is no law saying that everyone has to follow the last gasp of the latest fashion fad. No law—remember that!"

VERSATILE:

Not only does Edith Head spend her days dispensing such solid clothes sense as that recorded above, and designing some of the most fetching costumes to be seen in motion pictures, but she teaches costume designing at UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles). This is her hobby, her delight. As you probably know, Edith started her professional life as a school teacher in a private school; encouraged by one of her pupils to apply at Paramount, she started as a sketch artist, quickly rose to head of the department.

She is exhilarated by the idea of teaching costume design. Her department is a division of the School of Motion Picture Arts, headed by Kenneth MacGowan who produced such films as the Tallulah Bankhead starrer, "Lifeboat." In this division of the University, qualified experts are teaching cinematography, set design, script, writing, adaptation of music to script, lighting technique, set dressing, as well as costume design. Edith's current class consists of fourteen girls and six boys, all Juniors and Seniors. They work on live scripts, plan the clothing, sketch it, budget it, work as if their efforts were actually going into a commercial motion picture.

"And they argue with me if they disagree on some statement I have made—like admiring long skirts, for instance," says a delighted Edith. "On only one thing do all of us agree—and I think readers of SCREENLAND will also concur: it is only a matter of time until all violent new style trends simmer down to a really wearable, universal fashion. Or have you forgotten how quickly the Eugenie hat disappeared?"

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plaid wool sport shirts that she wears tucked into levis are Dutch-collared; her white blouses for wear with classic suits are around-collared; her lamé evening gown is finished with the same neckline. Any woman who has a figure problem and finds out what silhouette will correct that problem, should adopt the silhouette permanently—changing it a little, of course, out of deference to seasons, activities, and available fabrics.

"What American women need more than anything is a yardstick of good taste. The sights one sees in an office, at a sports event, and on the street are made even more ridiculous by the fact that it isn't necessary for a woman to look like a refugee from a Lower Slobbovian wedding. The yardstick of good taste is available and can be expressed in the simple question, What are you dressing to do?"

"Bearing this yardstick in mind, no girl will appear in an office wearing leg o' mutton sleeves, or an off-shoulder blouse.

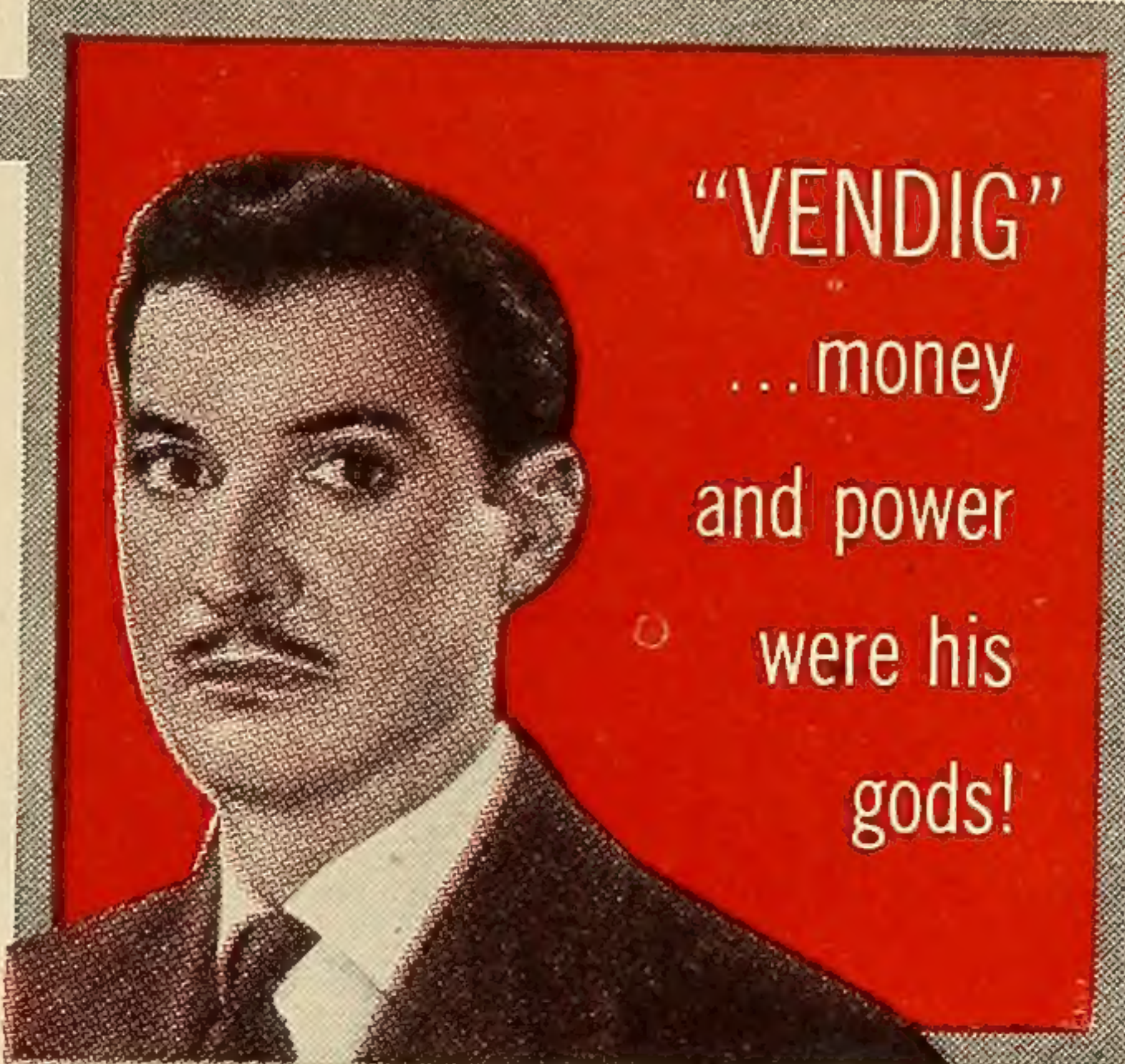
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